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HISTORY AND ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE WAR



MISS EDITH CAVELL.

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(I.) The October Fighting
in the West.
(II.) Miss Cavell's
Execution.

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NOTICE

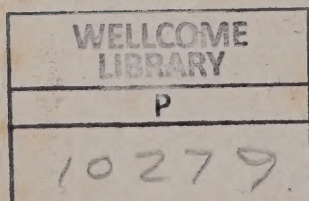
Subscribers are invited to note that the next two Parts of this History, Nos. 77 and 78, to be issued on the 8th and 15th February respectively, will consist of a series of 40 specially drawn and coloured Maps of the various Theatres of War, with a full list of nearly 14,000 Place Names. Together these two Parts will constitute a very valuable

ATLAS AND GAZETTEER OF THE WAR

By reason of the heavy cost of production of these two Numbers, they will afterwards be obtainable only in bound form (either in Volume VI, or bound separately) at an enhanced price. It would be well therefore, in order to make sure of securing them at the price of 7d. each, to

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CHAPTER CVI.

THE FIGHTING ROUND LOOS, SEPTEMBER 28—OCTOBER 13, 1915.

POSITION AFTER THE BATTLE OF LOOS—GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACKS ON SEPTEMBER 28—HEAVY GERMAN LOSSES—FRENCH ATTACK ON VIMY HEIGHTS—BIOGRAPHIES OF GENERALS WING, THESIGER AND CAPPER—NEW BRITISH OFFENSIVE—THE FIGHTING ON OCTOBER 13 AND 15—STORMING OF THE HOHENZOLLERN REDOUBT—REVIEW OF THE GREAT AUTUMN OFFENSIVE.

AS we have seen, the Allied offensive at the Battles of Loos and Vimy had not produced the results which the Allies had expected. The very moderate measure of success achieved by the British and French was, perhaps, symptomatic of the changed conditions of modern warfare. In the history of the Art of War there have been periods when, owing to the weapons, instruments or methods employed by their opponents, military geniuses of the first order have failed to achieve their objects. Hannibal, a century after Alexander the Great had moved from the Danube to the Indus, led an army from Spain across the Alps, routed the Romans at the Trebia, Trasimene and Cannae, but, in face of the trench tactics of Fabius and the permanent fortifications of the Roman and Latin Colonies, was unable to conquer Italy. In the first years of the eighteenth century the great Duke of Marlborough, whose march in 1704 from the Netherlands to the Danube and whose conduct of the Battle of Blenheim showed him to be an original and audacious strategist and tactician, was foiled for a time by the Fabian tactics of Marshal Villars. In both cases the explanation was simple. Neither Hannibal nor Marlborough possessed machinery powerful enough to destroy the entrenchments of their enemies or a preponderance of numbers so great

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that the artificial obstacles placed in their paths could be ignored or, at a frightful sacrifice of life, overcome. The disappointment felt in the Allied and some neutral countries because Castelnau, Foch and French had not pierced the German lines was to a large extent irrational. The hostile critics of the Allied Generals—critics hypnotised by the memories of Austerlitz, Jena, Sadowa and Sedan—had forgotten that the Japanese had won no crushing victory over the Russians in Manchuria and that the early successes of the Germans in the West had been due to their immense superiority in point of numbers and armament, and that the success of Mackensen in 1915 was mainly caused by the Russian shortage in ammunition. At the Battle of the Marne when, thanks to Joffre's strategy, the Germans between Paris and Verdun appear to have had no numerical advantage, the Kaiser's soldiers had been worsted. The Battle of the Marne had not, however, been, nor had it led to, "a crowning mercy," while in the First Battle of Ypres it had been demonstrated that masses, theoretically overwhelming, and directed by officers callously indifferent to losses of life or to human suffering were, even when supported by a gigantic artillery, incapable of carrying entrenchments manned by a comparatively small force of trained and brave troops. "The development of arma-



IN THE LINE OF FIRE.

French Women running to shelter during a violent bombardment.

ments," Lord Kitchener observed on November 9, 1914, "has modified the application of the old principles of strategy and tactics and reduced the present warfare to something approximating to siege operations." So far as the Western Theatre of War was concerned, that statement had not been gainsaid by subsequent events. At the Battles of Neuve Chapelle and Artois the British and French had—on the map—made only trifling advances. The Germans with poisonous gas had in April, 1915, struck a felon blow at the defenders of the Ypres salient, but the ruins of Ypres still remained in the possession of the Allies. In the last week of the following September, assisted by soporific gas and clouds of smoke, the British and French had tried to blast, bomb and bayonet their way through the German lines in Artois and Champagne, but the results described in Chapters CIV. and CV. were regarded by many as incommensurate with the expenditure of life and munitions.

Nevertheless in both areas the Allies had secured substantial gains. General de Castelnau had drawn nearer to the Bazancourt-Grand Pré railway and, if the Germans could be deprived of that important lateral line of communication, the position of the enemy south of the Aisne and in the northern glades of the Ardennes would become precarious. Generals Foch and d'Urbal, too, had forced the Germans out of Souchez, as in May and June they had dislodged

them from Carency, La Targette, Neuville St. Vaast and the Labyrinth. The French 10th Army was, moreover, slowly worming its way up the Vimy heights. Lastly, Sir Douglas Haig had taken the Double Crassier slag-heaps, the ruins of the town of Loos, the western slopes of Hill 70, the chalk pit to its north, and part of the Hulluch Quarries and the Hohenzollern Redoubt, albeit the losses of the British in the Battle of Loos had been so great that on September 28 the French 9th Corps at the urgent request of the British generalissimo had been detached by Foch to take over the Double Crassier, Loos, and the trenches leading out of Loos towards Hill 70.

The progress of d'Urbal and Haig might appear to be small, but it brought them close to the rim of the Plain of the Scheldt. The importance which the German Higher Command attached to holding that rim was evidenced by the honeycomb of subterranean defences which the Germans had constructed in the chalky ridges from La Bassée southwards to the banks of the Scarpe, and by the desperate efforts which during the days following the Battle of Loos they made to retain their grip on the rim and to recover the approaches to it lost by them in the fighting from September 25 to 28.

Apart from the tactical disadvantages they would be under if they were driven into the Plain of the Scheldt, and if the southern face of the La Bassée salient were enfiladed, there

was this to be taken into account by the Germans. With infinite pains a vast burrow of fortifications had been created between La Bassée and the Scarpe. The German troops believed those fortifications to be impregnable. If that belief were discovered to be erroneous, the moral effect on the Germans might be enormous. It would be tantamount to a confession that the Western Allies were their superiors in scientific warfare. The Germans had nowhere in the Western theatre of war carried entrenchments so formidable as those between La Bassée and Vimy. The Labyrinth and the Hohenzollern Redoubt were, as it were, test cases. If the Hohenzollern Redoubt, like the Labyrinth, had to be abandoned, a sense of discouragement might sink into the minds of the Germans in Artois, and thence permeate to the rest of the huge horde defending the four hundred miles of trenches on the Western front. As a panic in one considerable sector would entail the collapse of his whole line, and the best specifics against panics were counter-attacks, the Crown Prince of Bavaria made numerous attempts to drive back the Allies to their original positions.

From the tactical standpoint the main effects of the Battles of Loos and Vimy had been to accentuate on the south the German salient at La Bassée, and to create a second German salient running from the environs of Lens through the outskirts of Liévin and Angres, and by Givenchy en Gohelle, and the Vimy heights to the Scarpe below Arras. On the side of the Allies the corresponding salient created by their victory commenced near Cuinchy on the Béthune-La Bassée-Lille Canal. It went south-eastwards by the Hohenzollern Redoubt, the Hulluch Quarries, the western exit of Hulluch, and the Chalk Pit taken by the Coldstream Guards to the edge of Hill 70; thence it turned westwards round the south of Loos and the Double Crassier to the Allied trenches at Grenay.

The Cuinchy-Hulluch-Grenay salient measured at its base only some five miles, and, taking into consideration the range of modern artillery, it was obvious that the British and French troops holding it were in a peculiarly perilous position. The French 10th Army had, indeed, cleared the enemy out of his trenches on the eastern slopes of the plateau of Notre Dame de Lorette



WRECKAGE IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

British Transport Column passing through a shell-shattered village.

opposite Angres, and had taken the Bois en Hache and Souchez, but on September 28, when the British Generalissimo was requesting that the 9th French Corps should be sent to occupy the southern face of the Cuinchy-Hulluch-Grenay salient, General d'Urbal's attempts to seize Givenchy en Gohelle, the neighbouring woods and the Vimy heights, met with a stout resistance from the two divisions of the Prussian Guards detailed by the Crown Prince of Bavaria to prevent d'Urbal turning from the south the German positions between Grenay and Angres.

On Wednesday, September 29—a day of biting winds and torrential rain—the Germans made several attacks on the British position north-west of Hulluch. The fighting was very severe and continued throughout the day, but except on the extreme left, where the enemy gained about 150 yards of trench, the assaults were beaten off. In the course of them Second Lieutenant Alfred Fleming-Sandes, of the 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, gained the V.C. for conspicuous gallantry at the Hohenzollern Redoubt. He had been sent to command



MINING OPERATIONS.
Destruction of a German trench by a mine.

a company shaken by continual bombing and machine-gun fire. The men had only a few bombs left; the troops to their right were retiring, and isolated soldiers were beginning to file off to the rear. Fleming-Sandes grasped the situation at a glance. He collected a few bombs, jumped on to the parapet, and threw them at the advancing Germans, who were not 20 yards away. Almost immediately he was very severely wounded by the explosion of a grenade. Struggling to his feet, instead of seeking medical assistance, he rushed forward and threw his remaining bombs, being soon afterwards again badly wounded. But for the action of Fleming-Sandes it is probable that his company would not have rallied, and that the position at this most important point of the battlefield might have become very critical.

Close by, in the "Big Willie" trench which ran eastward from the Hohenzollern Redoubt, Private Samuel Harvey, of the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment, was also that day winning the V.C. A heavy bombing attack had been made by the enemy, and, as in the previous case, our men's bombs had dwindled to a small number. Harvey volunteered to fetch some, but, owing to the communication trench being blocked with wounded and with reinforcements, he was obliged to cross the open ground under intense fire. He was eventually wounded in the head, but ere he fell he had brought up no less than thirty boxes of bombs. Had he failed to do so, the enemy might, perhaps, have taken the whole of the trench.

Among the other heroic deeds on September 29 performed by Britons, two others may be mentioned. Near Vermelles Captain C. H. Sykes, of the 6th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment, when some troops on his left were bombed out of their trench, charged at the head of a dozen men and recovered it. Not content with that, he continued to advance, and only fell back because he was not supported. Later in the day, under heavy shell fire, he supported a company which was retreating before superior numbers. The next morning this brave officer was wounded. Not far off Second Lieutenant R. J. H. Gatrell led a squad of bombers against a German bombing party which had succeeded in capturing a trench 350 yards long. Gatrell and his men retook it.

Meanwhile, d'Urbal's 10th Army in the small hours of the night of the 28-29th, and during the 29th, had succeeded in reaching Hill 140,



A GERMAN REDOUBT BLOWN UP BY A BRITISH MINE.

which was the culminating point on the Vimy heights and the orchards south of it. They had taken 300 prisoners, mostly belonging to the Prussian Guard. The German *communiqué* of September 29, after truthfully stating that a portion of the ground evacuated north of Loos had been recovered by the Germans, admitted that the French had been partly successful "in the district of Souchez and Neuville."

The 29th was noteworthy, too, for an action near Ypres, in the Hooze region. The enemy fired a mine close to our trenches south of the Ypres-Menin road, and gained a temporary footing in the British first-line trenches. Nearly the whole of the lost position was regained on the 30th by counter-attacks.

During Thursday, September 30, when the troops of the 9th French Corps began to file



AIRMEN AS INFANTRY.
Men of the Royal Naval Air Service in the trenches.

into the trenches and dug-outs on the Double Crassier, the combats along the northern face of the Cunchy-Hulluch-Grenay salient continued. The struggle between the contending forces was especially severe in the vicinity of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Second-Lieutenant R. J. H. Gatrell again distinguished himself. He led a counter-attack of bombers to recover the trenches of a battalion to his left, and obliged the Germans to retire behind their barricades. For his services on this and the preceding day he was awarded the Military Cross, as was Second-Lieutenant S. C. Godfrey, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, who from 6.30 p.m. till 5 a.m. on October 1, by his initiative and personal bravery, stopped the advance of the enemy who had entered "Gun Trench." At this point we insert a graphic description by Mr. John Buchan, who visited the battlefield on September 30.

I have to-day had the privilege of visiting the battlefield of Loos. Let me describe its elements. A low ridge runs northward from the Béthune-Lens railway to the high ground south of La Bassée. It sends off a spur to the north-east, which is the Hill 70 of the *communiqués*. In the angle between the two lies the village of Loos. The German first position was along the crest of the western ridge; their second was in the hollow just west of Loos; their third runs to-day through Cité St. Auguste and along the slopes to the north.

To reach their old front trenches one leaves the Béthune-Lens high road near the houses called Philo-sophe. In front is a long easy slope so scarred with trench lines that I can only compare it to the Karroo, where tussocks of grass are sparsely scattered over the baked earth. Only in this case the earth is white. The coarse herbage springs from a light chalk, and the sandbagged parapets are further patches of dull grey. Looking from the high road, the sky-line is about a thousand yards distant, and beyond it rise the strange twin towers of Loos, like the rigging of a ship seen far

off at sea. The place is not very "healthy"—no hinterland is—but, though the shelling was continuous, the trenches were fairly safe.

Beyond the old British front trench you pass through the *débris* of our wire defences and cross the hundred yards of No Man's Land, over which, for so many months, our men looked at the enemy. Then you reach the German entanglements, wonderfully cut to pieces by our shell-fire. There our own dead are lying very thick. Presently you are in the German front trenches. Here, in some parts, there are masses of German dead, and some of our own. This is the famous Loos-road redoubt, a work about five hundred yards in diameter, built around a tract from Loos to Vermelles which follows the crest of the downs. It is an amazing network, ramified beyond belief, but now a monument to the power of our artillery. It is all ploughed up and mangled like a sand castle which a child has demolished in a fit of temper. Fragments of shell, old machine-gun belts, rifle cartridges, biscuit tins, dirty pads of cotton wool are everywhere, and a horrible number of unburied bodies.

But the chief interest of the Redoubt is the view. The whole battlefield of our recent advance is plain to the eye. Below, in the hollow, lie the ruins of Loos around the gaunt tower. Beyond is the slope of Hill 70, with the houses of Lens showing to the south-east of it. North, one can see Hulluch and the German quarries, and farther on St. Elie and Haisnes, hidden in a cloud of high explosives, and west of them the site of the Hohenzollern Redoubt and the ill-omened slag-heap, Fosse 8. It is that sight rare in this present war, at least in the northern section—an old-fashioned battlefield. It is all quite open and bare and baked. The tactical elements can be grasped in a minute or two.

And, to complete the picture, the dead are everywhere around one, high explosives and shrapnel boom overhead, the thresh of an airplane's propeller comes faint from the high heavens, and up towards Fosse 8 there is a never-ending mutter of machine-guns. Only living soldiers seem to be absent, for, though battle is joined two miles off, scarcely a human being is visible in the landscape.

I came home late this evening through a wonderful scene. A clear blowing autumn sky was ending in a stormy twilight. Far off in the sky a squadron of airplanes glimmered like white moths against the sullen blue. Battalions were marching down from the trenches, khaki and tartan alike white with chalk mud from the

rain of yesterday. They had none of the haggard, weary look of most troops in such circumstances, but laughed and joked and had a swagger even in their fatigue. Other battalions, very spruce and workmanlike, were marching off. They are stout fellows to look at, these soldiers of the New Army. Interminable transport trains choked all the road, so that one had leisure to study the progress of the thick rain clouds from the west through the skeleton webs which once were cottages.

At a certain Corps Headquarters where I had tea there were many old relics. I saw the alarm bell which had once hung in the Loos-road Redoubt. I saw, too, a strange fragment of steel which fell a long way back from the front, and which could belong to no German type of shell. It looked like a piece of a burst gun, but where it came from heaven alone knows. Among the captured German field guns outside the chateau was a Russian machine-gun, which must have been taken on the Eastern front. That little gun had seen life since it first left its factory in Odessa.

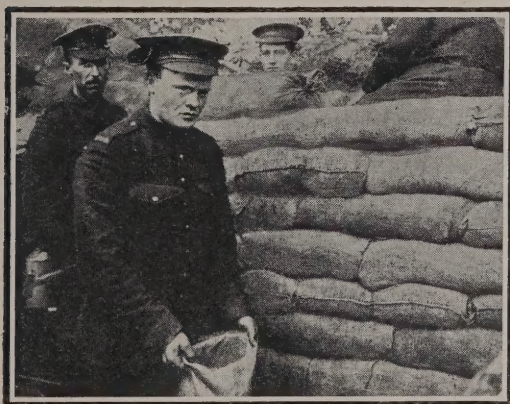
Everywhere in our troops there seems to be the quickening of a new hope. You can see it, too, in the civil population. The inhabitants of the towns behind the front have seen too much of war, and have grown apathetic. But the other day they lined the streets and cheered the tattered remnants of a battalion returning from action. And you can see it most of all among the French. The great news from Champagne—of the charge of Marchand's Colonials, of the brigades that have gone clean through all the German lines and are now facing open country—is reflected in a brighter eye and a stiffer bearing even among those clear-eyed and upstanding men.

To-night, I passed a knot of French soldiers in their new horizon blue, and they were singing some marching song, from which I caught the word "Prussians." Perhaps it was the old song of the men of Dumouriez :

*Savez-vous la belle histoire
De ces fameux Prussiens ?
Ils marchaient à la victoire
Avec les Autrichiens. . . .*

A famous general is reported to have said, with a pardonable mixture of metaphors, that, if the French once got their tails up, they would carry the battlement of heaven. Let us hope that, for our incomparable Allies and for ourselves, "the day of glory has arrived."

Though the French did not, in the words of the general quoted by Mr. Buchan, "carry the battlement of heaven," they made (on Friday,



BUILDING A TRAVERSE IN A
FRONT-LINE TRENCH.



BRITISH DISPATCH RIDERS.

Motor cyclists break their journey at a French shanty in order to replenish their stock of petrol.

October 1) further progress up the heights of Vinny, pushing forward in the Wood of Givenchy and capturing 61 prisoners belonging to the Prussian Guard. Two German counter-attacks, one on a small fort taken the day before in the Givenchy Wood, the other on the trenches south of Hill 119, were completely repulsed. In addition there were numerous combats—in which the grenade played the chief part—to the east and south-east of Neuville - St. Vaast. Nothing of importance appears to have occurred on the British front.

The next day, Saturday, October 2, was memorable for the death, which occurred in the afternoon, of Major-General F. D. V. Wing, C.B., commanding the 12th Division. Born in 1860, he was the only son of the late Major Vincent Wing. He was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1880 and held a variety of Staff appointments, including that of A.D.C. to Lord Roberts in 1903, and the command of the Royal Artillery 3rd Division Southern Command in 1913-14. Like so many other of our officers, he had seen active service in South Africa, having been present at the actions of Talana, Lombard's Kop, and Laing's Nek. In the Great War he had been wounded and mentioned in dispatches.

Wing was the third General of Division who had been killed since the opening of the Battle of Loos. The deaths of the other two, Major-



BRITISH INFANTRY CAPTURE THE WOOD COVERING THE CHALK PIT NEAR HILL 70.

General G. H. Thesiger, C.B., and Major-General Sir Thompson Capper, have been already referred to. As their biographies illustrate the world-wide activities of the Old Army which was now fast vanishing, it may not be inappropriate to furnish some brief particulars of the careers of these two officers.

Thesiger, the elder son of the late Lieutenant-General the Hon. Charles Wemyss Thesiger and a grandson of the first Lord Chelmsford, was born in 1868, and educated at Eton. He received his commission in the Rifle Brigade in 1890. He was a graduate of the Staff College and held a number of Staff appointments. In the Nile Expedition of 1898 he was present at the Battle of Omdurman and was mentioned in dispatches. During the South African War he fought at Lombard's Kop and helped in the defence of Ladysmith, where he was severely wounded. Subsequently, while on the staff, he took part in several of the operations—including the action at Belfast—which led up to the reduction of the Transvaal.

More varied had been the services of Sir Thompson Capper. The third son of the late William Copeland Capper, of the Indian Civil Service, who was one of the besieged residents in Lucknow, Capper joined the Army in 1882, serving in the East Lancashire Regiment. He obtained his company in 1891, and went through many campaigns with distinction in India and Africa, gaining the medal with clasp for the Chitral Relief Force in 1895, a brevet majority and other rewards for services in the Sudan in 1898, and the D.S.O., the Queen's Medal (with six clasps), the King's Medal (with two clasps), and the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel during the South African War. His military work, however, was not confined to the field, for he was for some time a professor at the Staff College, and later the first commandant of the new Staff College created in India. In 1911 he became Brigadier-General in command of the 13th Infantry Brigade. Capper, as Commander of the 7th Division, had before, at and after the first Battle of Ypres, made for himself a name which will never be forgotten. Early in the summer of 1915 an unfortunate accident in the course of some experiments with hand grenades caused him serious injury, and he was obliged to relinquish his command for a time. When sufficiently recovered to return to the front, he was reappointed to his old division.

The extract from a letter written on October

2 shows the almost light-hearted spirit in which the men of the New Armies approached their duties :—

I have massaged the bacon into a proper semblance of martyrdom and eaten breakfast. I feel refreshed. The Germans, those curious freaks who live quite close to us, have been hurling high explosives into a wood behind us all the morning, for some reason best known to themselves—there is certainly nothing *in* the wood worth a bullet, let alone a shell. Now I sit on the fire step wrapped in my great coat—a place in the sun—feeling very home-sick and Coliseumy and cold, and



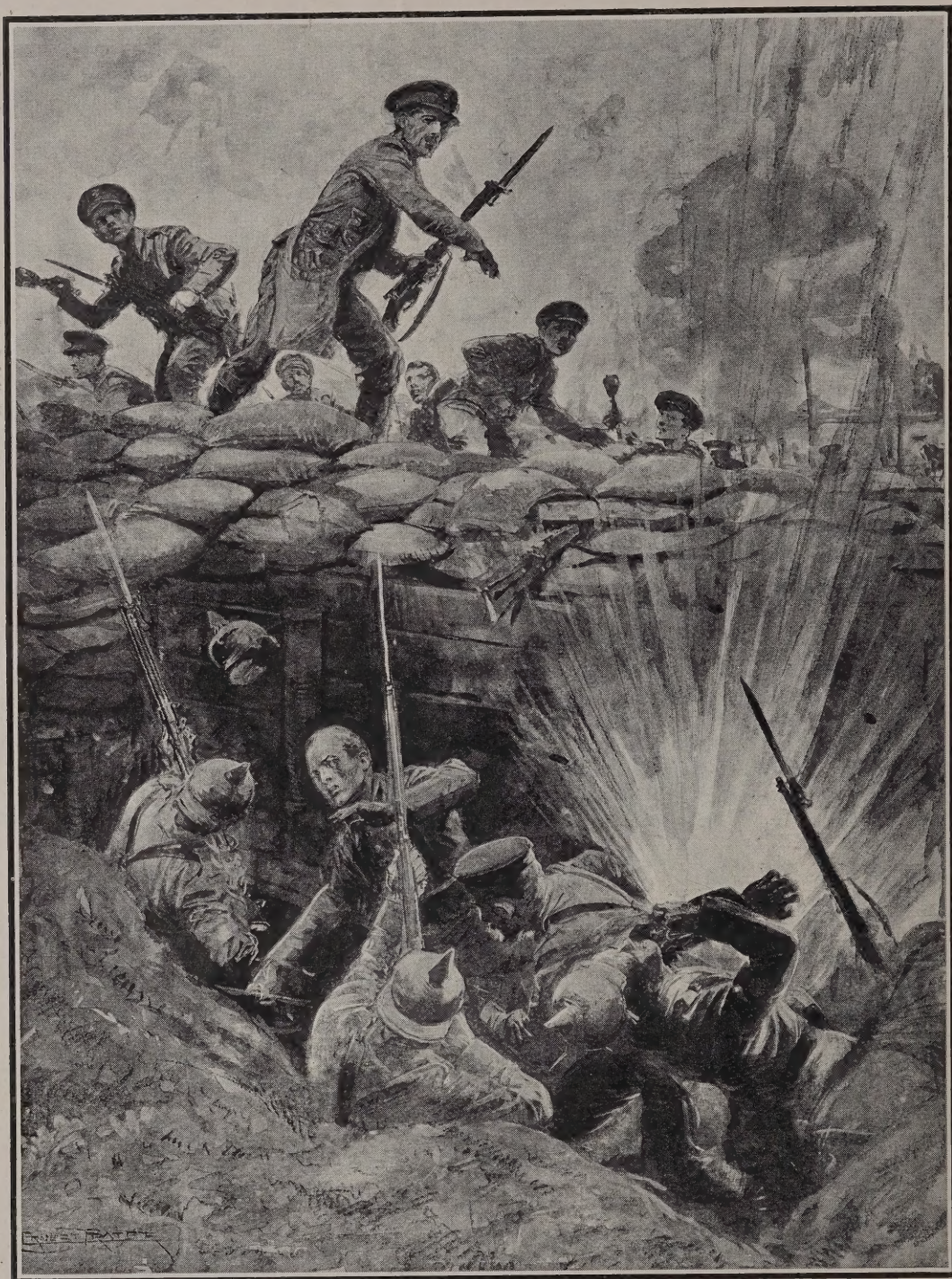
HIGHLANDERS IN THE TRENCHES.

An Officer inspecting a respirator.

Listen to the weird noises La Bassée way, like the rumblings of the belly of Silenos.

I have nothing to offer for your birthday—not even a nose cap has lately come my way—so my benediction must suffice and the wish that you may one day add your graceful presence to this happy family circle—shall we say in the spring: for it would be an ill wish indeed to hasten any friend's footsteps out here in mid-winter—and it is as cold as the devil, and a wind that 'ud melt the marrow on yer and make you shake with the ague. Glory be to God!

We had rather a tragedy the other night. On the right of the X— Regiment's line and included in it is a place called the "Tambour." The Tambour might be described as a long bow, in which there is a distance of about 30 yards between the bow itself and the string, and about 60 yards between the bow and the Germans. The Tambour is still heavily mined from end to end by the Germans. Well, J. B., commanding D company, granted one of his subalterns (an awfully nice fellow—M. T—, second lieutenant) leave to go out with a patrol to inspect the German barbed wire in front of the Tambour. T— went with a corporal, and, picking their way gingerly round the mine craters, they went out to the wire. Half an hour later the corporal returned alone, and said that he had got separated from T—, and had looked for him but couldn't find him. He had heard a shot, seen the flash near to, and thought T— was hit. He was sent out again to find him, failed, and came back. This, of course, was at night. B— telephoned for the elder T—, who came up at once. Corny T— is a great hefty fellow, strong as an ox, and he went out to look for his brother. He went out three



ASSAULT BY BRITISH BOMBERS.

Hurling the deadly missiles into the German trenches. The Infantry were behind, each with two bombs, and after handing these to the throwers, rushed in themselves with the bayonet.

separate times, and at length found him dead by the German barbed wire. He carried him back slung on his shoulders. He is getting the D.C.M. or V.C. for that. I don't suppose he particularly wants it.*

On the day when that letter was written such scenes as the following were being enacted, probably within gun-shot of the writer. Captain

* Published by the *Manchester Guardian*.

W. H. Tapp, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who had taken a plane table into the front line of trenches near Loos, under continuous fire was fixing observation points and correcting contours on a map of Hill 70. Captain B. J. Hackett, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, whose battalion had run out of dressings for

the wounded, was walking a thousand yards in the open exposed to shells and bullets to obtain a fresh supply. Captain N. Freeman, of the 2nd Battalion Cheshire Regiment, holding the right of a trench near Vermelles, was after sunset during the night of the 2nd-3rd exchanging bombs with the enemy. He did not leave his post until he was almost surrounded. That same night Lieutenant B. S. Browne, of the R.A.M.C., was—also near Vermelles—searching for and carrying back wounded lying between our own and the enemy's line. The enemy kept firing at him and the ground was lit up by flares.

Sunday, October 3, was no day of rest for either the British or their Allies. The French 9th Corps had by now relieved entirely the British troops defending the southern face of the Cunchy-Hulluch-Grenay salient. In the afternoon the Germans opened a violent bombardment on the northern face. It was followed by several attacks over the open against the British trenches between the Hulluch Quarries and the Vermelles-Hulluch road. These attacks were repulsed with severe loss to the enemy, but north-west of the Quarries the Germans succeeded in recapturing the greater portion of

the Hohenzollern Redoubt. All the while the struggle for the Vimy heights went on, and the Germans claim to have repulsed French attacks south of Hill 119 and to have recaptured a portion of a trench north-east of Neuville-St. Vaast. Whether the German claims were justified or not is uncertain. What is, however, established is that the next day, October 4, General d'Urbal's troops were desperately fighting in the Givenchy Wood and on Hill 119. They carried the Cinq Chemins cross-road but subsequently lost it.

There was now a short lull in the struggle raging between the Béthune-La Bassée Canal and the Scarpe. The British and French were consolidating their positions, the Germans preparing for the counter-attack by which they hoped to recover the whole of the ground relinquished by them at the Battle of Loos. The counter-attack was not long in coming. The advance of the British between Hill 70 and Hulluch, where they had gained ground varying from over 500 to 1,000 yards in breadth, had alarmed the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and he was determined, if possible, to dislodge the Allies from the salient.

At 10.30 a.m. on the morning of Friday,



IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

British troops getting a dummy gun into position.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in the first-line trenches.

October 8, high explosive and other shells began to rain on the British front line and support trenches. An enemy aeroplane for a time circled above them registering the fire. It was driven off; but the intensity of the bombardment continued to increase. At 3.20 p.m. rifle and machine-gun fire from all points of the crescent-like German position opened. Bombardment and fusillade ceased half an hour later. Meanwhile eight or ten German battalions prepared to attack the French between Grenay and Hill 70. Twelve more battalions mustered in or near the woods opposite the Chalk Pit, north of Hill 70. Six to eight battalions were deployed in the trenches and slag-heaps near the Hohenzollern Redoubt, to which sector of the battle-field the bulk of the British Guards Division had been recently moved from the direction of Loos. The 1st Division, with apparently some details of the Coldstream Guards, was disposed from Hulluch to the Chalk Pit. It was against the 1st Division and the Guards that the main German attack was to be made.

About 4 p.m. four lines of Germans shoulder to shoulder appeared, line succeeding line, above the parapets of the trenches, which in the neighbourhood of the Chalk Pit were in places only 120 yards from our own. Behind them columns of the enemy issued out of the woods, buildings and villages to support the attack. Instantly the British Artillery and the French Soixante Quinze guns showered shrapnel on the advancing foe. Our machine-guns were turned on and the men emptied their magazine rifles at the surging waves of Germans and the masses in rear of the latter.

It was the story of Mons and Ypres over again.

An officer present who observed the carnage declared that the affair resembled "bowling over nine-pins." In a few seconds the ranks of ambling Germans had been reduced to a number of little groups, divided from each other by dead or wounded men. The less severely wounded were crawling on their hands and knees towards their own trenches. Some of the enemy lay down and tried to return the fire. Such of them as were not hit by bullets were killed or wounded by the shrapnel.

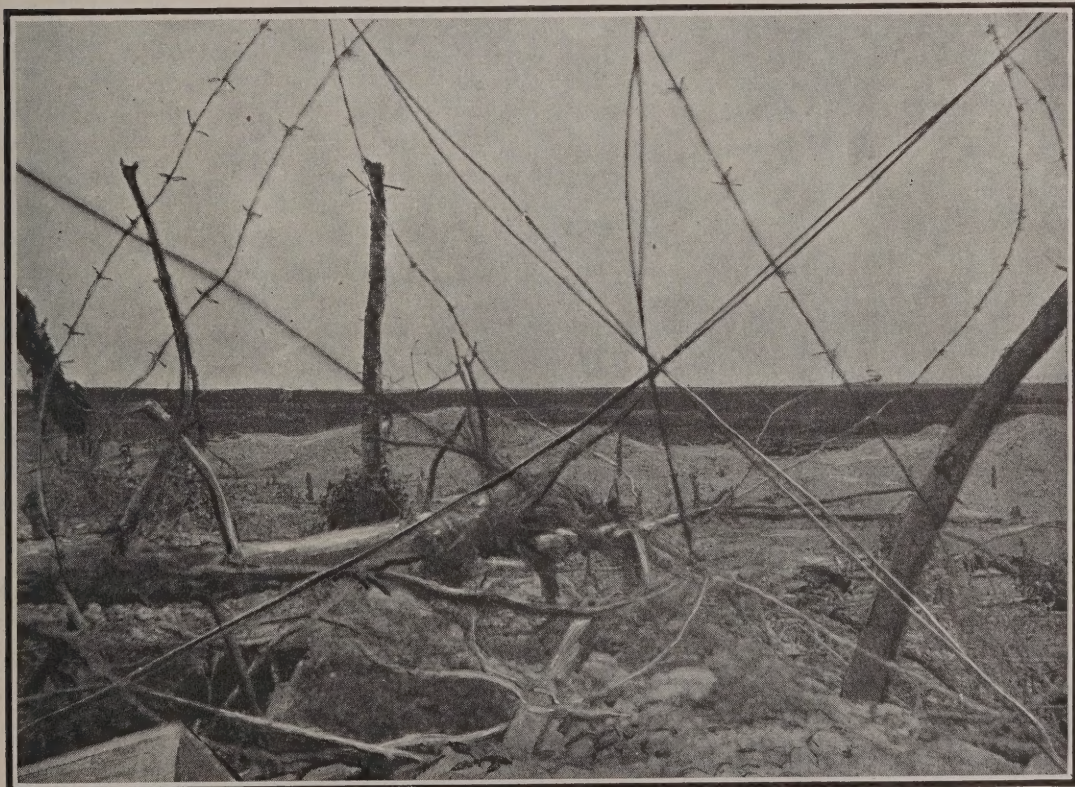
Only at a very few points did the enemy reach our positions. For example, near Loos a strong party of Germans captured two hundred yards of trench, but Lance-Sergeant Oliver Brooks, of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, on his own initiative led a party of bombers to drive them out. He succeeded in regaining possession of the lost ground, and for his fearlessness, presence of mind and promptitude was awarded the V.C. As a rule, however, the enemy gained nothing by his reckless attacks and heavy bombardment. The shells had destroyed the sapheads and a large section of the front trench occupied by a company of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards commanded by Captain H. C. Loyd; nevertheless he and his men repulsed two determined bomb attacks. The assaults in the centre near the Chalk Pit failed entirely, not a German getting to within forty yards of our men. Between Hulluch and the Quarries the enemy was similarly beaten off, and the British, pursuing the flying foe, secured a German trench west of the hamlet of St. Elie. Only at one point in the "Big Willie" trench of the Hohenzollern Redoubt did the Germans effect an entry. Here Lieutenant G. G. Gunnis, of the 3rd Bat-

talion Grenadier Guards, leading his men with great dash, attacked the Germans in flank and rear, drove them helter-skelter into the open, and, killing or wounding large numbers, effected the recapture of "Big Willie." The French 9th Corps lost a small portion of the Double Crassier slag-heaps, but by midnight the German counter-attack had ended in complete failure. After the charges a tremendous artillery duel had followed, which had resulted in the British guns gaining the ascendancy about 5 p.m. Violent and repeated attacks on the French positions south-east of Neuville-St. Vaast had also been utterly repulsed. The Allies lost very few men in the battle of October 8, and the number of dead Germans in front of their lines in the Cuinchy Hulluch-Grenay salient alone was estimated at from 7,000 to 8,000.

The bloody repulse inflicted by Sir John French and General d'Urbal on the Germans who had attacked the positions in the Cuinchy-Hulluch-Grenay salient and on the Vimy heights was followed by a number of minor engagements. On the 9th the enemy delivered some futile attacks against the redoubt captured from him in the wood of Givenchy-en-Gohelle.

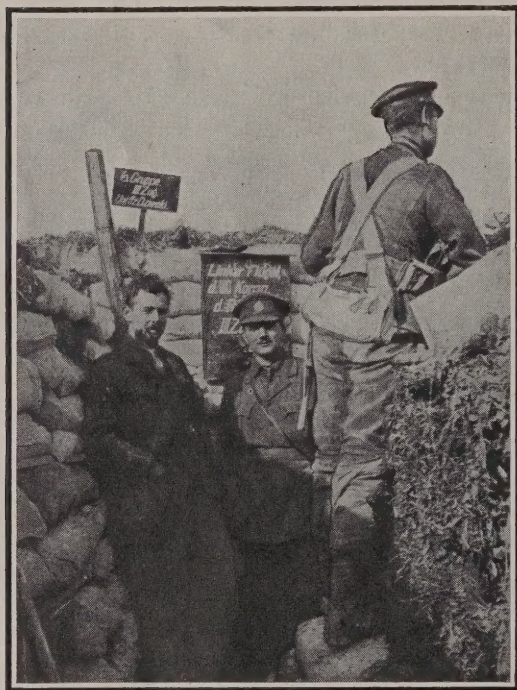
On the night of the next day, October 10, the 4th Regiment of the Prussian Grenadier Guards charged the French trenches in the Bois-en-Hache, but were beaten off with heavy loss, 100 prisoners being taken; 174 more prisoners were secured a few hours later by our Allies. Among them were six officers, some of them belonging to the 1st Grenadier Regiment. The French *communiqué* of October 11 states "that very marked progress had been made in the valley of Souchez, west of the Souchez-Angres road, and to the east of the redoubt in the Givenchy wood, and that ground had been gained on the Vimy heights towards the wood of La Folie." During the evening of October 12 the Germans assaulted the French lines north-east of Souchez, but were everywhere completely foiled.

From October 9 to 13 neither side was inactive in the Loos salient. Numerous aerial duels took place, in most of which our airmen were successful, though one of our machines appears from the German report to have been brought down east of Poperinghe. This was perhaps the aeroplane which Sir John French stated at the time to have been lost. According to the German *communiqué*



BARBED WIRE IN FRONT OF A GERMAN TRENCH WRECKED BY SHRAPNEL FIRE.

Lieutenant Immelmann, on October 10, compelled, too, a British battle-biplane to descend north-west of Lille. Of the incidents which occurred in the four days' fighting, one deserves to be recorded because it shows under what nerve-racking conditions the British gunners had to work. On October 11, at Fosse 7 de Béthune, A Battery, of the 71st Brigade Royal Field Artillery, was being heavily bombarded by armour-piercing and gas shells. Sergeant Ayres was wounded, and the battery was ordered to cease fire. Amidst bursting shells and choking from gas fumes, Sergeant J. C. Raynes rushed across to assist his comrade. He bandaged him and returned to the battery, which again



A CORNER OF A CAPTURED
GERMAN TRENCH.

German notice-boards in background.

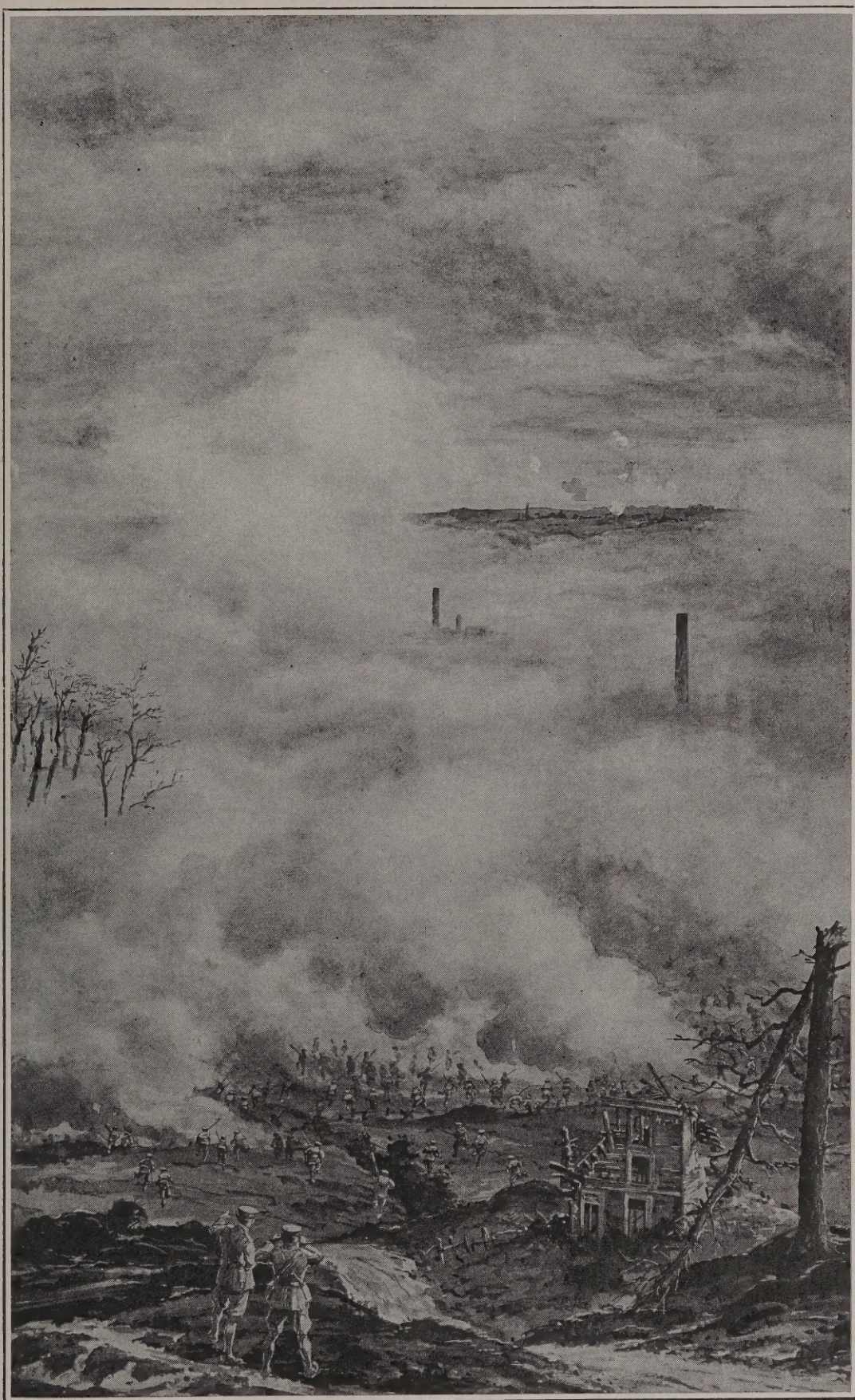
opened fire. A few minutes later "Cease Fire" was a second time ordered, and Sergeant Raynes, calling on two gunners to help him—both of whom were shortly afterwards killed—went out and carried Sergeant Ayres into a dug-out, at the mouth of which a gas shell promptly burst. With splendid courage Raynes dashed out, fetched his own smoke helmet, put it on Ayres, and, himself badly gassed, staggered back to serve his gun. Not many hours elapsed before Raynes also was wounded. He and seven other soldiers were in a house called after Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "Quality Street." A "Jack Johnson" blew

in the building. Four of the men were buried by the falling bricks and timbers. The remaining four found themselves imprisoned in the cellar. The first to be dug out was Raynes. He was wounded in the head and leg, but insisted on remaining under heavy shell fire in order that he might help in the rescue of the others. Then, the moment his wounds were dressed, he rejoined his battery, which was again being violently shelled. The V.C. was an almost inadequate recompense for such magnificent conduct.

On October 13 the Germans made a fierce attack on the French round Souchez and on the Vimy heights, while Sir Douglas Haig once more assaulted the Hohenzollern Redoubt and the German position from that point to half a mile or so south-west of Hulluch.

The Crown Prince of Bavaria's attack on d'Urbal was preceded by a terrific bombardment, followed by repeated charges into the Bois-en-Hache and against the French trenches east of the Souchez-Angres road. In addition, attacks were made against the redoubt in the Givenchy wood and the adjacent trenches, and at several other points on the Vimy ridges. Despite the enormous losses incurred by them, the Germans succeeded only in capturing a few sections of trench in the Givenchy wood. Everywhere else they were flung back just as they had been on October 8.

The Germans near Vimy had attacked down hill, but Sir Douglas Haig, in the literal sense of the word, had an up-hill task. The battle of Wednesday, October 13, and the succeeding days was another attempt by the British to extend upwards the northern face of the Cuinchy-Hulluch-Grenay salient. It was accompanied by a holding attack made by the Indian Corps to the north of the La Bassée Canal, in which Second Lieutenant R. J. J. Bahadur, of the Indian Native Land Forces, who was attached to the 39th Garhwal Rifles, gained the Military Cross. He had shown great gallantry in one of the holding attacks on September 25, the first day of the Battle of Loos. In the evening of October 12 he had been wounded in the arm by a rifle bullet, but during the fighting on October 13 he refused to leave the firing line, and commanded a double company with great ability, being severely wounded in the neck. The holding attack by the Indian Corps was magnified by the German Higher Command into an imaginary general attack by the British from Ypres to La Bassée,



PAYING THE GERMAN IN HIS OWN COIN.
The British charge under cover of smoke and gas.



AFTER THE BRITISH ATTACK.

A crossroads in Loos.

which, according to the enemy, was repulsed by the Germans. As a matter of fact, the only other fighting by the British on October 13 was that about to be described.

On the morning of October 13 the wind blew steadily from the west. The air was raw and chilly. A thick Scotch mist covered the ground, and the drizzling rain seemed the harbinger of another of those torrential down-pours which had interfered with the movements of the British, French and German troops at the Battle of Loos and afterwards. As the hours, however, passed, the rain ceased, the mist cleared off, and the battlefield was bathed in a warm, autumnal sunlight. The wind was more propitious for a British gas and smoke attack than on September 25. Since the Battle of Loos our stores of shells had been replenished, and the night before the North Midland Division of Territorials had replaced the Guards in the trenches from Vermelles to the region of the Hulluch Quarries.

Far off to the right a column of bright and smokeless flames leapt out of Liévin. For two days a fire had been raging in that village. To the north-west on the horizon were dimly visible the outlines of the battered town of La Bassée. Along the British front blotches of red marked the presence of what remained of the villages of Vermelles and Le Routoir. Between them and La Bassée rose the lofty chimneys of the factories and the black, ugly

slag-heaps of Pit 8 and Haisnes. The open spaces—stubble-field, cabbage patches and the like—were strewn with unburied corpses and broken weapons. Huge holes recorded the activities of the gunners who for a year had been ploughing up with their shells this area, once the home and playground of so many miners and their families. Behind the hostile lines groups of miners and peasants were even now phlegmatically toiling at their daily tasks.

Suddenly, at noon, a bombardment comparable with that which had preluded the Battle of Loos began. Tongues of fire leaping from the ground flashed as it were a warning to the Germans of the storm of shells descending on them. In the rear British observation balloons hung motionless. Aeroplanes buzzed backwards and forwards.

From hundreds of spots in the German line pillars of black smoke ascended. Fleecy white puffs marked where the shrapnel was bursting, a green or pinkish blob—which swiftly vanished—that an asphyxiating shell from the answering German guns had exploded. In the distance buildings crumbled away and clouds of chalky smoke told that trenches and dug-outs which a few minutes before had been the refuges of soldiers chatting to each other had been upturned.

An hour passed by. Then from the British lines near Vermelles a dense cloud of white smoke, fringed below with red and green,

drifted towards the Hohenzollern Redoubt. By the time it had left our trenches it was half a mile broad. Slowly it settled on the Redoubt, the slag-heap behind it, and the buildings of Pit 8.

Meantime our men in the trenches were getting ready. Most of them had discarded their overcoats; all had a few bombs of different varieties. That chiefly used was somewhat larger than a duck's egg, which it resembled in shape. A small ration of rum had been served out to warm the blood and steady the nerves. Except in a few cases this was a superfluous precaution, for few of the soldiers showed, at all events outwardly, any signs of uneasiness. "Fifteen minutes before the charge," relates one of them, "a gallant lad was telling me anecdotes of his school days in the most matter-of-fact fashion." Towards 2 o'clock an order was passed along the lines that the smoke helmets should be put on. They were not, however, to be drawn over the nose and mouth. Five minutes later another order reached the waiting men—to pull the helmets completely over their faces. The charges were timed for 2 p.m.

Sir Douglas Haig had decided that the Midland Division of Territorials was to storm the Hohenzollern Redoubt, while the troops on their right were to attack the Hulluch Quarries and the trenches between them and

the village of that name. South of Hulluch an effort was to be made in the direction of Pont à Vendin.

Seen from our lines opposite it, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, shaped like a bean, hid everything from view except the top of a slag-heap and the roof of the house formerly occupied by the manager of Pit 8. The Redoubt had a frontage of some 500 yards. On the gentle rise leading to Pit 8, it stood well out from the main line trench of the Germans in front of the pit. The side farther from the British was connected with that line by two trenches—the northerly one had been christened by the British "Little Willie," the other was known to them as "Big Willie." Between Little Willie and Big Willie two other trenches ran back to the German entrenchments, behind which, west of Pit 8, was the slag-heap above referred to, called "The Dump." To the left of the Dump were four rows of one-storeyed miners' cottages. At the back of them ran the Pit railway, which connected the coal-mine with the railroad from La Bassée to Grenay. Beyond the railway were other rows of cottages, known as the Corons de Pekin. East of the Dump and the Pit railway stood three buildings—Les Trois Cabarets. Well in the background were the considerable villages of Auchy and Haisnes.

Though our artillery had pulped most of the



AFTER A BATTLE.

A scene in a village street in Flanders.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
Ditches as trenches: The Highland Light Infantry in action.

buildings and had blown in large parts of the trenches and many of the dug-outs, the problem set the Midland Territorials was perhaps as, or even more, formidable than that which the London Territorials or the Highlanders of the New Army had been asked to solve on the morning of September 25. In the preceding days the enemy, reinforced by companies of the Prussian Guards, had been gradually recovering their hold on the Redoubt. Only a portion of the Big Willie trench was now in our possession. A sap had, however, been run out by us towards the Little Willie trench. Beneath or through the Dump the enemy's engineers had constructed timbered galleries leading to casemates, from the loopholes of which machine guns pointed in all directions. From the cellars of the ruined cottages and mine buildings other machine guns protruded. In dug-outs 30 feet or so deep lurked bombers ready, the moment the British attack was launched, to emerge into the open. Their wooden-handled grenades on explosion by the mere concussion caused blindness. Doubtless the nerves of the defenders had been shaken by our terrible bombardment, doubtless they were confused, if not overcome, by the fumes of the British gas, and owing to the smoke cloud they could only see dimly their assailants. But the gas and smoke affected the British no less than themselves and, when the cloud had passed or been dissipated, the chance of the Germans would come.

A few minutes before 2 p.m. the British guns lifted from the Redoubt and began to search the trenches and buildings behind it, and at 2 p.m. the charge was delivered by the Territorials. It has been described with a wealth of detail by one of them:

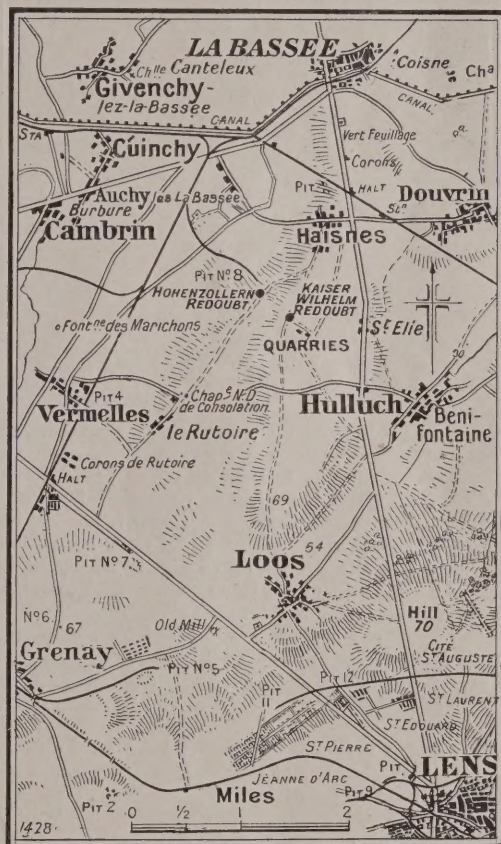
I have a very indistinct recollection of anything until I had covered the 200 yards which separated the British lines from the first trench of the Redoubt. The din of the firing and the excitement of the moment once I was over the parapet left me in such a whirl that it was some time before I knew really what I was doing and grew sufficiently cool to experience the thrill and joy of battle.

Already the battalions were becoming mixed, and I found myself with Leicesters and 5th Lincolns. I rather think the 4th Lincolns, in their eagerness to get at the enemy, had started a little before their time, as I caught up with some of the Leicesters before they had passed the German first line. The bullets dropped ceaselessly by, and the German artillery had got the range beautifully. The shells, high explosive and shrapnel, were coming over in showers. The sight of the shrapnel exploding is not particularly encouraging. The projectile bursts fairly low in the air with a terrific bang. A huge cloud of black smoke is given off which curls and whirls so violently that it reminds one of the surface of a whirlpool. It is strangely different from the British shell

which bursts with a soft "pop" and gives off white smoke.

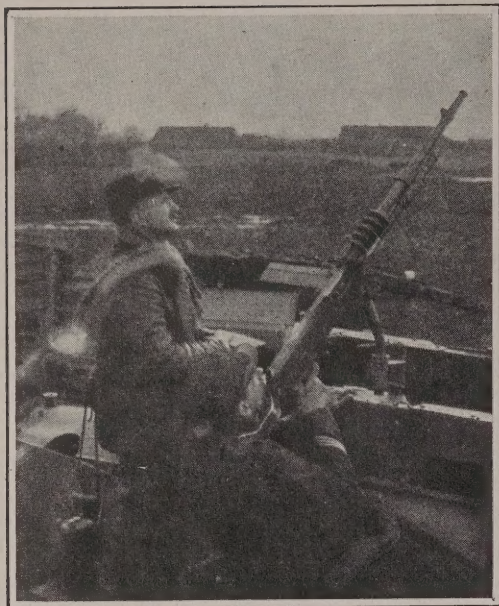
I found the barbed wire in front of the trench had been blown to bits by our guns. Without staying to look at the trench I crossed it by a plank and went forward. I jumped into the German second trench. At one place a Leicester sergeant, shot through the stomach was lying across the floor of the trench. None of us knew how to deal with a man wounded as he was, and I suggested he should lie with his knees up, and he did. I believe I was right, but I only mention the fact as an illustration of how useful to the soldier a little knowledge of first-aid would be on the field.

German equipment, bags of bombs, and dead bodies lay half buried everywhere; their taste for smart colours seems strongly developed; a bag of bombs I unearthed was all the colours of the rainbow. These bombs were of the type most commonly used by the Huns. They were pestle shape. The "head" is a



tin containing the explosive, with a wooden handle attached. A loop of thin string projects from the end of the handle. The thrower grasps the handle, pulls out the string (by which act he lights the fuse), and throws. The fuse is a $7\frac{1}{2}$ sec. one, I believe.

Urgent messages were passed from man to man, and presently a Stafford officer came down the line and told us to "stand fast" for a time. He was a jolly little chap; his face was streaming with perspiration, but he was all smiles, and seemed as happy as if he was at a picnic. On the right of us was a trench—whether a communication trench, or a part of the trench we occupied curving sharply back to the German third line, I knew not, but it apparently met our trench almost at right angles. Corporal Davies detected a party of German bombers working their way towards us. At first only their bluish-grey helmets could be seen, and as our fellows were wearing similarly coloured smoke helmets, some doubt existed as to whether they might not be British—in fact a message was sent down



ENEMY AIRCRAFT IN SIGHT.

that the men were 4th Lincolns and Monmouths. All doubt was removed when the party went past a spot where the trench side had caved in, for then their bluish-grey uniforms could be plainly seen. We opened fire, and they returned the compliment.

I got on my feet with the purpose of regaining the trench, when a voice cried, "Can you do anything for me, chum? Looking round I saw a poor fellow lying about 10 yards from the communication trench. His face was ashy pale. Two of us ran to him and found he had been hit high up in the right thigh by a piece of shell. We tried to carry him to the trench, but before we had got a couple of yards the other fellow left me. The poor chap was in such pain, and could hardly bear to be touched. I dare not drag him in by myself for fear of getting a lot of dirt into the wound. I bandaged him as best I could, and he was very grateful, poor chap; his only fear seemed to be that I should get hit while attending to him. On getting back to the trench I sat down for a momentary rest. Near by was another man sitting down. His hand was at his head. It was evident all would soon be over. Just then I was conscious of the sensation akin to receiving a tremendous "clout" on the back of the head, and my interest in the war suddenly ceased.

The bullet did not penetrate my pate, but glanced off. Everything seemed very confused for a few

seconds, and then I was aware that something warm was running down my neck. A kindly Leicester bound up the wound with a "first field dressing," and told me to get back to the dressing station. I climbed over the parapet and presently caught up with a 4th Lincoln who had been shot through the back and was crawling along as best he could. I asked him if he could walk across if I put my arm round him, but he said very sensibly he preferred to crawl, it was safer. Fearing he might suddenly lose his strength or some mishap might occur, I decided to stay with him instead of running on, and we crawled along together. He was very cheerful, in spite of the pain he was enduring. He had a magnificent helmet fastened to his belt. It was of shiny black leather, ornamented in brass, and had probably been worn by some stalwart Prussian Guard.

We soon found ourselves in a procession of halt and lame, all wending their way to the same spot. It was wonderful how some of them managed to walk at all. I left the Stamford man at the first dressing station. It was filled with patients, and the medical officer asked me if I could walk to the village. I said "Yes," and proceeded down the long trench.

At Vermelles I boarded an ambulance car, which reached Béthune Hospital about 7.30 p.m.

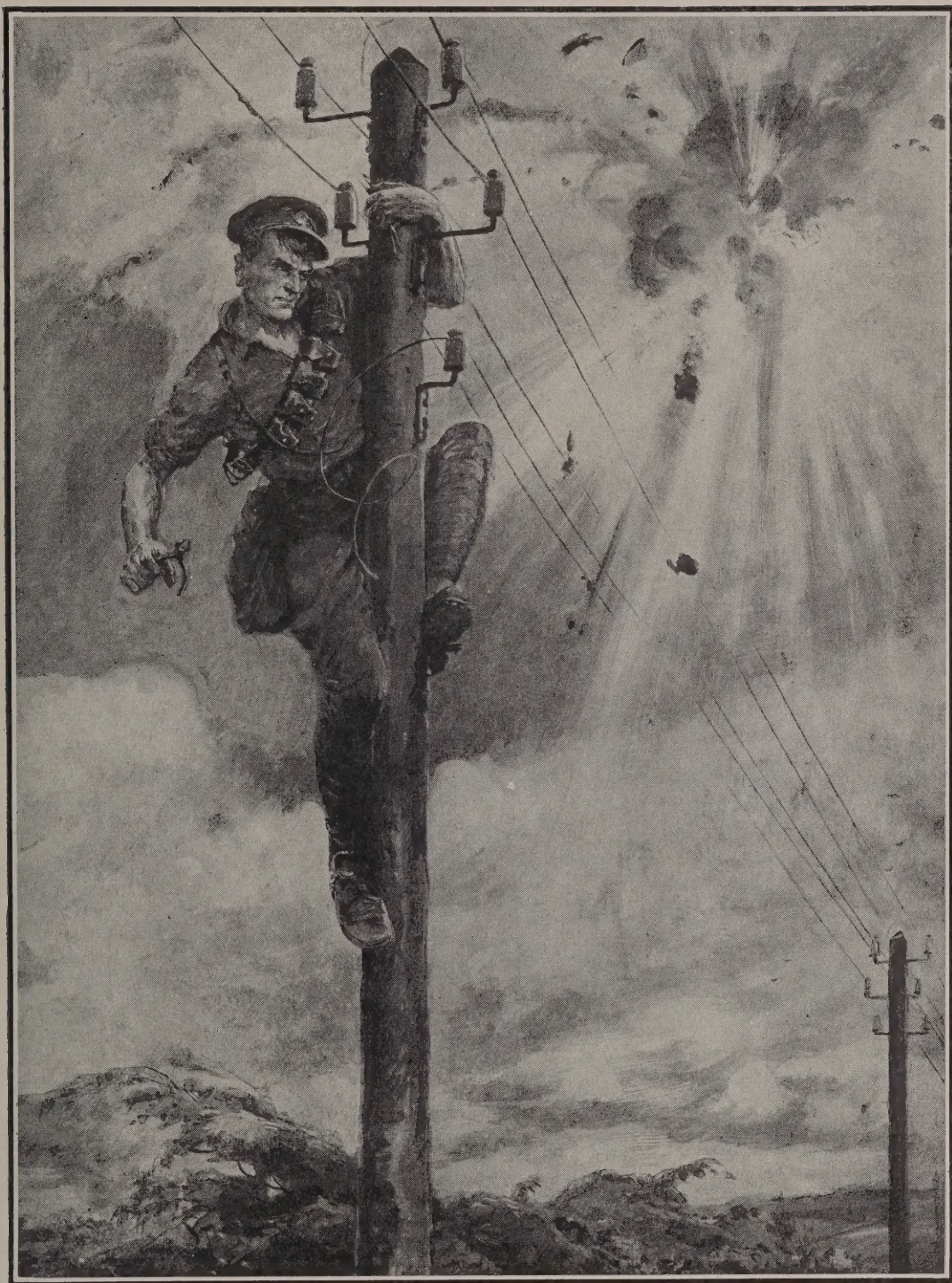
I waited several hours in the corridor, and during all the time never heard a word of complaint. The wounded were too grateful that their lives had been spared, and were thinking too much of their pals in the Redoubt to complain of the pain they were enduring themselves. The chaplain came in and took all hearts by storm by his first two questions:—"Have we lost many boys?" "Yes, sir, a great lot." "Did you kill any Germans?" "Heaps, sir: they went through the mill, I can tell you, far worse than us." "That's good," he said, fervently. You see, he was an Englishman before he was a chaplain. He bared his head and every one stood up. "Oh God, we thank Thee for having spared these men's lives," he prayed, and a deep and earnest "Amen" came from every throat. His short prayer concluded, the Lord's Prayer was repeated. I never heard the familiar sentences so sincerely and gratefully uttered as they were that night by the tall chaplain and the weary, blood-stained men in the gloomy corridor.

Eventually the ambulance arrived, and I spent the night at a clearing house near Béthune.

At first the attack seemed as if it would be completely successful. The Leicestershires and Lincolnshires in the centre swept clean over the Redoubt itself, and reached that portion of the German main line called the Fosse trench. Enfiladed by machine-gun fire, only a small number, however, of our men were able to get



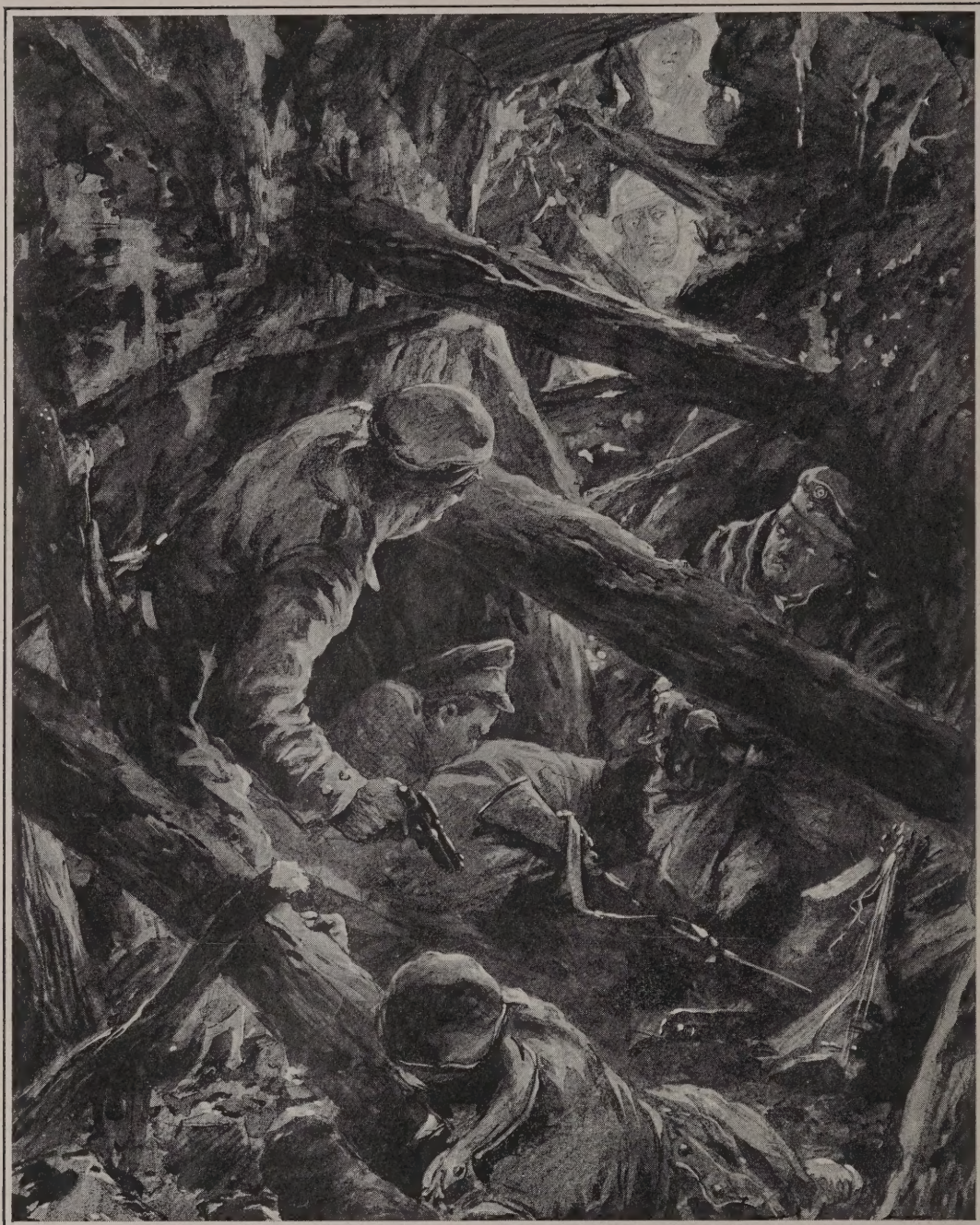
BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES IN FRONT OF A GERMAN TRENCH.

**BRITISH SIGNAL SERVICE IN FRANCE.**

A linesman repairing a wire broken by shell-fire.

into the trench. A party of the Lincolnshires managed to bring some machine guns up to within sixty yards of it. Behind their fire the mass of the Leicestershires and Lincolnshires, supported shortly afterwards by the Monmouths, dug themselves in; after the Monmouths came the Sherwood Foresters. Meanwhile a party

of bombers, who were reinforced by some of the Leicestershires, had made their way into Little Willie trench, where for hours a desperate struggle went on. Lieutenant C. H. F. Wollaston, of the 1/5th Leicester Regt., though wounded in the back and arm, organized a bombing party up Little Willie and held up



A COMMUNICATION TRENCH.

Scene in German trench after a bombardment: the dead and wounded half buried under the falling roof and sides.

the enemy for hours till his bombs were exhausted. Captain J. C. Warren, of the 1/7th (Robin Hood) Battalion Sherwood Foresters, with a party of four men, performed a similar feat, finally withdrawing across the open into the western face of the Redoubt, where he built a barrier and held it for fourteen hours.

To the right of the Redoubt the South Stafford-

shires led the advance, but they were unable, in face of the German machine-gunners, grenadiers and riflemen, to reach at a bound the portion of the Big Willie trench retained by the enemy. Nevertheless, individuals and small parties pressed on, and the North Staffordshires advanced to their assistance. A bombing party of the South Staffordshires from our portion of the Big Willie trench executed a

flank attack. They gained 30 yards and constructed a new barricade, but were soon driven back to the old one. Second Lieutenant Hubert Hawkes, of the 1/5th South Staffordshire Regiment, particularly distinguished himself in this fighting. Among other deeds of daring performed that day in or near the Redoubt two more may be mentioned. Corporal J. L. Dawson, of the 187th Company, Royal Engineers, when the trenches were crammed with men half stupefied by German poisonous gas, walked backwards and forwards along the parapets fully exposed to a very heavy fire. Finding three leaking gas cylinders, he rolled them some sixteen yards away from the trench, and then fired rifle bullets into them to let the gas escape. Captain M. H. Barton, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, tended and brought in wounded under fire, and also rallied and sent forward men who had become scattered.

The assault on the Hohenzollern Redoubt had thus met with a certain amount of success. To the east we had captured a trench on the north-western face of the Hulluch Quarries, and, south-west of St. Elie, trenches behind the Vermelles-Hulluch road and the south-western edge of the Quarries. South and west of Hul-

luch we had gained 1,000 yards of trench, but had been shelled out of it. It was near Hulluch that a most gallant action by one of our artillerymen was performed. Captain H. N. Fairbank, of the 117th Battery R.F.A., galloped up his guns, and from a spot where he could not hide them kept up an effective fire at short range. Hard by Second Lieutenant N. Martin, of the 3rd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, showed dauntless courage. In a German communication trench, when one officer of his company had been killed, another wounded, and three parties of bombers killed or disabled, he threw bombs himself until there were no more to hand, and then with his revolver and afterwards with a rifle held the barricade until he was relieved by some other bombers.

The next day, October 14, in the morning, another effort was made to gain entirely the Big Willie trench. One battalion of the Sherwood Foresters attacked it from the Redoubt; another battalion of the same regiment advanced along it from the portion already in our hands. But, so strong were the German defences, it was found impossible to bring the attack to a successful issue. It was on this day that Captain



AFTER THE BATTLE OF LOOS.
British wounded entraining for the base.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION.

Charles Vickers, of the Sherwood Foresters, secured the V.C. When nearly all his men had been killed or wounded, and only two were left to hand him bombs, Captain Vickers, fired at and bombed by the Germans from front and flank, held a barrier for several hours. His retreat was cut off, but instead of endeavouring to make his way back, he stayed where he was until he was severely wounded. By his orders a barrier had been built behind him to ensure the safety of the trench. The fighting continued in the Redoubt until the 15th, when the 2nd Guards Brigade relieved the North Midland Territorials.

The Battle of Loos and the subsequent fighting had cost the British over 50,000 men. Judged by the standards of the Great War, this was perhaps not an inadequate expenditure for the results obtained. As in the case of the Battle of Artois, delivered by Foch and d'Urbal in May and June, the Germans had been driven from a number of positions which they had fondly believed to be impregnable. On October 19 Sir John French was able to describe

the topographical gains in the following words :

"The new front now leaves our old line at a point about 1,200 yards south-west of the southern edge of Auchy-lez-La Bassée and runs thence, through the main trench of the Hohenzollern Redoubt, in an easterly direction, 400 yards south of the southern buildings of Fosse No. 8 to the south-western corner of the Quarries.

"We also hold the south-eastern corner of the Quarries, our trenches running thence south-east parallel to, and 400 yards from, the south-western edge of Cité St. Elie to a point 500 yards west of the north edge of Hulluch.

"The line then runs along the Lens-La Bassée road to the chalk pit, 1,500 yards north of the highest point of Hill 70, and then turns south-west to a point 1,000 yards east of Loos Church, where it bends south-east to the north-west slope of Hill 70 and runs along the western slopes of that hill, bending south-west to a point 1,200 yards south of Loos Church, whence it runs due west back to our old line.

"The chord of the salient we have created in the enemy's line measured along our old front is 7,000 yards in length ; the depth of the salient at the chalk pit is 3,200 yards."

The men, or some of them, of the New Armies had shown courage worthy of the heroes of Mons, Le Cateau, the Marne, and Ypres. The Territorials engaged had more than justified the expectations of the officers who had trained them. The whole army was convinced of its superiority to the enemy on a fair field of battle.

We may well conclude our review of the great offensive delivered by the Allies in the autumn of 1915 with some extracts from an article in which the Military Correspondent of *The Times* (January 20, 1916) considered the lessons of the whole series of offensives in the West. Starting from the fundamental doctrine that, the centre of gravity of the German military power being in the West, "it is here that we should amass a superior force in order to seek victory which will be decisive, the writer said :

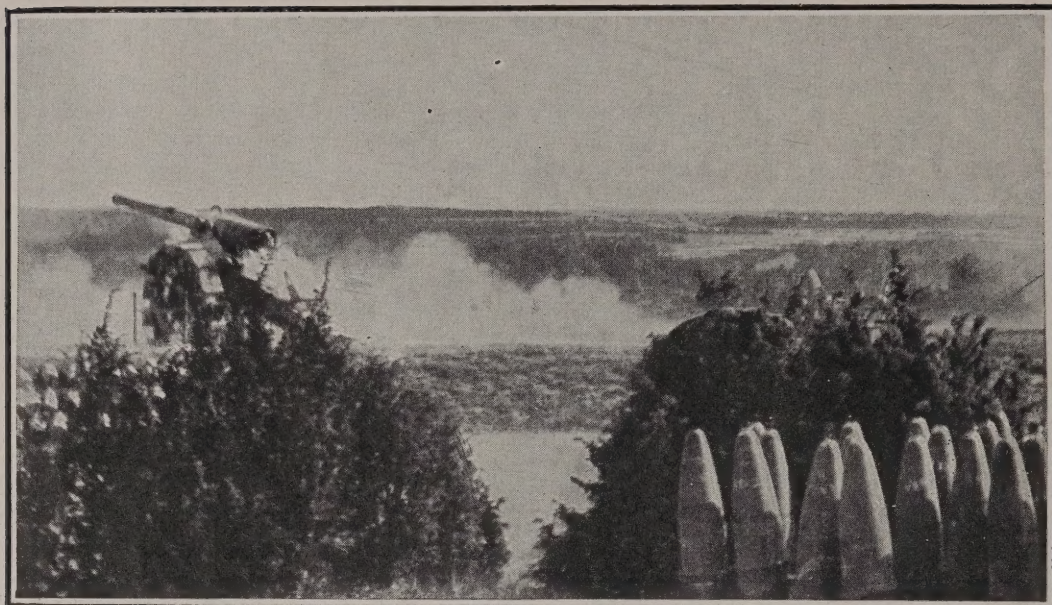
The main point is that it does not matter so very much where we fight Germans, so long as we fight Germans, and not their allies and dupes to whose fate Germany is indifferent, and it is easier for us to kill Germans in their present positions in the West than it is anywhere else. Even if these present positions were approximately maintained by the enemy we could make him suffer such losses in them that we could maintain the



A SKIRMISH WITH THE ENEMY.
A party of French Infantrymen on the edge of a wood.



A FRENCH PATROL.
Scouting in the outskirts of a village.



A FRENCH GUN IN ACTION.

rate of wastage, which must, in the end, bring him down. In this respect we have done better in each successive fight in the West, and as the number of our heavy guns and howitzers continues to grow, and the supply of shells mounts up, we can make each fresh attack upon him with greater profit, and impose more sacrifices upon him when he attacks us.

But, it is urged, we cannot break the German lines, and what is the use of attacking them if, in such attacks, we lose more men than he does? These visions of breaking the German lines; these dreams of swallowing the whole German Army at a gulp; these half a dozen objectives given to our infantry in an attack and carrying them far beyond the support of their artillery; these massed Corps of Cavalry ready to stream through the famous G in Gap, have never appealed to the writer very much, since they have appeared to him to be based upon a fallacy—namely, the expected resurrection of the manœuvre battle, which, like good Queen Anne and Roland's mare, is unfortunately dead.

How can we expect to break the German lines in one battle? There are lines upon lines, and when we have taken the Aubers Ridge and the Vimy Heights there will be Lille, the Dendre, the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Rhine, and many more lines, as there will be for us if the Germans attack us, so that this basic idea of breaking the line, good for Trafalgar, is really quite out of place. It is even harmful, for when we win a serious victory like that of September last, when we dispose of 150,000 Germans and capture 150 German guns, we are not content because we have not attained the unattainable and our cavalry have not streamed through the famous Gap. It is lucky that they have not, because the country is unrideable, covered with obstacles, and confines cavalry to roads where a division can be held up by a few machine guns. But if, leaving these really puerile plans aside, and abandoning the idea of breaking the line, we had said before September 25 that we were going to cause the Germans 150,000 casualties and to bring home 150 of their guns, we should have considered the accomplishment of this purpose a great feat, and we should have been satisfied instead of dissatisfied with the result.

Moreover, this misconception of the real problem leads to heavy and unnecessary losses. The writer showed, after Neuve Chapelle, that there were two ways of attacking the enemy's lines, one of which was to gird

and hold, and the other to go on after capturing the enemy's first lines with the idea of breaking through and winning a decisive battle. We took Neuve Chapelle and its immediately surrounding defences with little more than 2,000 casualties, but, going on into the blue, we did no good; we ran into the German reserves, and we came back to the lines first captured with nothing more gained and with 10,000 more of our men on the floor. The same underlying idea of finishing off the Germans at a blow recurs in our May and September offensives, which equally cost us heavy losses, because we were not content to occupy and consolidate our first gains, and to postpone a further advance until our guns had moved forward and were ready once more to support with their admirable fire our incomparable infantry. We and the French have exhausted the possibilities of the theories upon which our tactics were based in the battles of 1915, and our next business is to set out to find better, with experience as our searchlight.

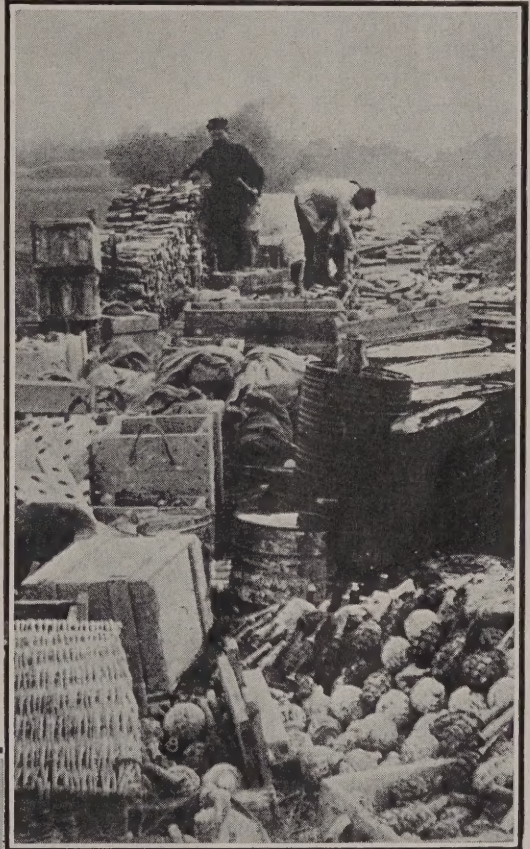
After some detailed examination of the need for greater cooperation by the Allies, the Military Correspondent of *The Times* stated the following conclusions:

What is true for the whole great strategic theatre is also true for each front. If the operation which we propose is likely to extend beyond forty-eight hours, it is quite obvious that, unless the whole German front is attacked, or at all events menaced and harried, our enemy has a simple game to play, for using his railways again, as well as motor transport, he rushes up the reserves of all neighbouring sectors to the front which we are attacking, and meets us at length in equal force. What Werder did on the Lisaine in 1871, and Foch did at Ypres, German generals are doing now. Most, if not all, of our attacks have been condemned to sterility in advance because we have attacked on narrow fronts, have spun out our operations, sometimes over weeks, and by maintaining a passive attitude on other parts of the front have placed all the trumps in German hands. The 100 German battalions which met the French in Champagne rapidly grew to 200 because the neighbouring sectors remained quiescent, and so it has been with us, on a smaller scale.

A general offensive by all the Allies at once, and a general offensive on each front, are the tactics which will hurt Germany the most, and they are therefore to be commended. They are being rendered more possible every day by the rapid increase of our heavy howitzers and munitions generally, enabling us to devote an increasingly large number of heavy guns to all our sectors, and to maintain a good rate of fire for a longer time. It is not the case that we have yet delivered a serious attack without any concern for our supply of shells. Neither we nor the French have been wholly so fortunate as that, but as time goes on each one of our attacks will be more deadly from the artillery point of view, and we may often enjoy the luxury of driving the enemy out of his trenches by shell fire alone.

The long periods of quiescence, which are unacceptable in principle and yet elapse between one of our attacks and another, are largely due to want of shells, and when we have a practically unlimited supply we can do much better. If we carry on in the future as we have in the past, we do not get forward with our war of attrition, but rather get back, and with the experience now behind us we must change our tactics to the changed conditions. Hitherto the old conception of the infantry as the queen of battles has ruled. Our actions have, on the whole, been fought with this dominating idea in our minds. The guns have provided the overture, but when the curtain has been rung up we have always discovered the infantry as chief actors. The infantry remains the principal arm, and we can never make too much of it nor use it with too violent energy when the opportunity arises. But the predominance of modern artillery in present-day fighting has become most marked, and it is a question whether, in this trench warfare, we should not use the infantry as a complementary arm, and see what happens when we subordinate its action to that of the guns. If we knock to pieces the first line system of hostile trenches and

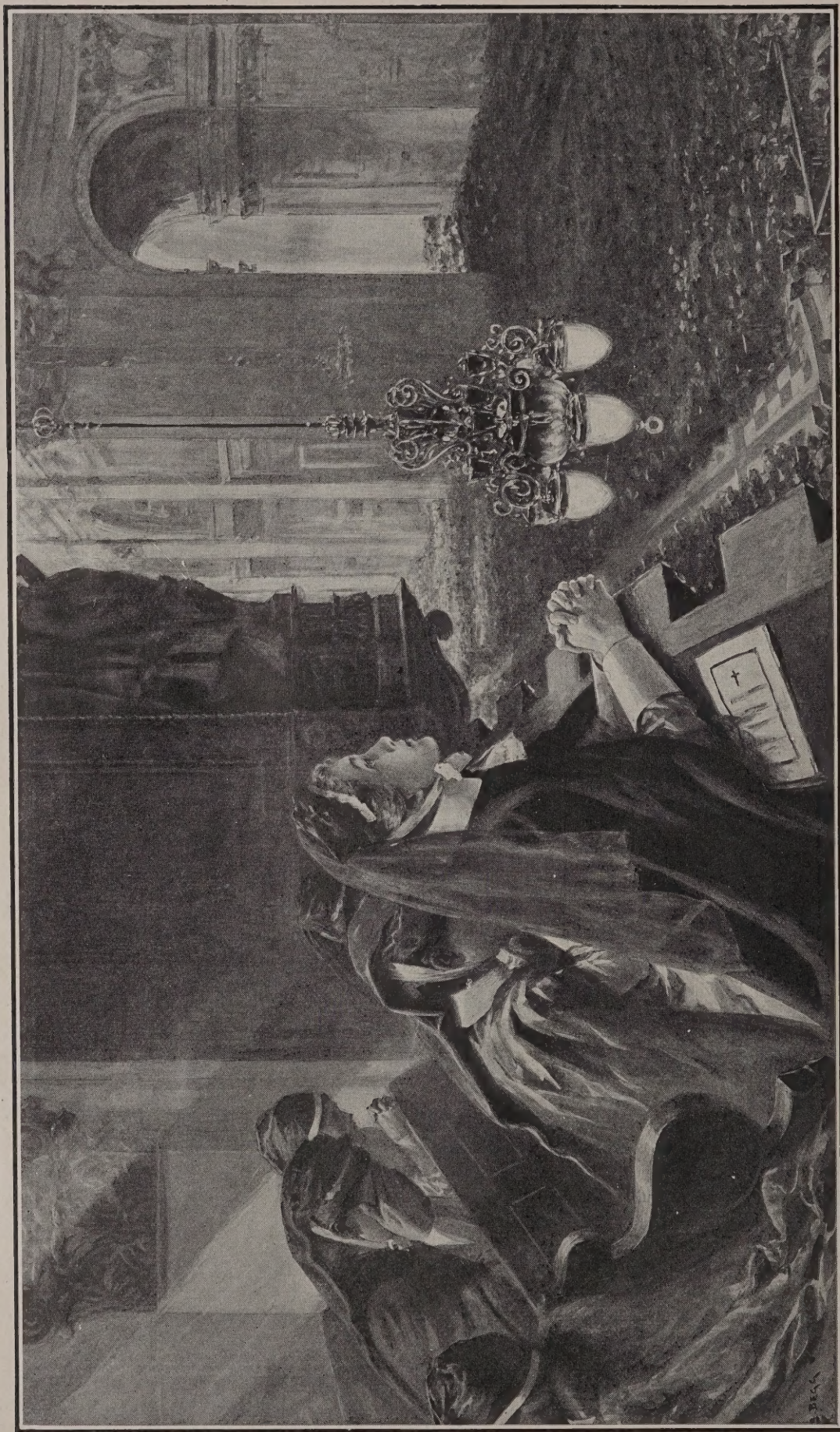
obstacles with our shells, form our *barrage* of fire beyond, counterbatter the German artillery more effectively, and then use our infantry to occupy and consolidate the ground gained, and await the advance of our guns to fresh positions before we continue our attack, we may hope to gain solid successes and to cause the enemy much greater loss than we suffer ourselves.



SPOILS OF WAR AFTER A BATTLE.

French soldier collecting rifles and other articles left behind by the Germans.

Inset: A collection of shells, bombs, hand grenades, and boxes of ammunition gathered in the German trenches in Champagne.



THE EDITH CAVELL MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, OCTOBER 29, 1915.
"We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver Thy servant, Edith, out of the miseries of this sinful world."

CHAPTER CVII.

THE EXECUTION OF MISS CAVELL.

MISS CAVELL'S LIFE-WORK—HER LABOURS IN BRUSSELS DURING THE WAR—HER ARREST—FIRST EFFORTS OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION—THE TRIAL—GERMAN AND BRITISH IDEAS OF JUSTICE—HOW THE GERMAN OFFICIALS PLANNED THE EXECUTION—MR. BRAND WHITLOCK'S FINAL APPEAL—MISS CAVELL'S DEATH—GERMAN EXCUSES—BARON VON BISSING—FEELING IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—AMERICAN OPINION OF THE CRIME.

WHILE the great movements described in the last chapter were developing an event occurred in Brussels which sent a wave of horror and resentment throughout the world, equalled only by the universal indignation aroused by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Miss Edith Cavell, an Englishwoman, head of a Nursing Institution in Brussels, was secretly tried by a German court-martial on the charge of aiding English, French and Belgian soldiers to escape from Belgium, and on October 12 was hastily executed. There was much in the circumstances attending this event and in the surroundings of the trial and execution to stir the wrath and pity of the world—wrath against the men who had by a military technicality done a brave woman to death, and pity for the nurse who had paid the penalty of her life for her work of mercy.

Miss Edith Cavell was a daughter of the Rev. Frederick Cavell, for forty years vicar of Swardston, Norfolk. She received her training as a nurse at the London Hospital, entering there in 1896 and later being appointed staff nurse. After some experience in Poor Law nursing she went to Belgium, in 1900, on the invitation of Dr. Depage, a distinguished medical man who had established a training institute for Belgian nurses in a suburb of Brussels. Dr. Depage was anxious to modernize the system of sick nursing in Belgium. Up to

this time the nursing had mainly been done by the nuns of religious establishments or by women drawn mainly from the domestic servant class. Catholic families when sick were nursed by the nuns; the numerous non-Catholic sections of the public had to rely upon the other class.

Miss Cavell threw herself with enthusiasm into her new mission. The Institute, whose influence was felt throughout Belgium, grew until it became the centre of a large nursing organization. When, at the outbreak of the War, Dr. Depage was called to military service and made the head of a military hospital with the Belgian Army, Miss Cavell continued the work in Brussels. Everyone who came in contact with her was agreed that she was a capable leader and a woman of fine character, worthy to take a place in the noble list of great nurses, the list with the name of Florence Nightingale at the head.

After the advance of the German armies upon Brussels in 1914 Miss Cavell was allowed to remain there. When the tide of war brought many German wounded to the Belgian capital she and her assistants nursed them equally with the Belgian wounded. The fighting around Namur and Mons, and the retirement of the French and British armies in the late summer and autumn of 1914, left one legacy for Belgium. A number of English and French soldiers, cut off from their companies during the retreat,

hid themselves in trenches, in woods, or in deserted houses, attempting to avoid capture. Many were caught and in some instances, at least, were executed immediately they were caught. Others were sheltered by kindly farmers, who gave them civilian clothing, employed them on their land and allowed them to remain until opportunity arose for them to cross the frontier into Holland. Belgian soldiers whose regiments had been broken during the early fighting there also hid about the country, waiting for chances to escape. They too, in some cases, were shot when captured, and the common belief in Brussels was that this was their usual fate. When Miss Cavell was asked in Court during her trial why she had helped English soldiers to escape, she replied that she thought that if she had not done so they would have been shot by the Germans and that, therefore, she thought she only did her duty to her country in saving their lives.

The fugitives, hiding in the country, looked around to see who could help them. Miss Cavell was a prominent worker. Her care of the sick and the wounded brought her in touch with all classes. As was only natural, the men approached her. That she did help some of



MISS EDITH CAVELL.

The British nurse who was condemned to death and shot by order of the German Military authorities at Brussels, October, 1915.



MISS CAVELL WITH HER FAVOURITE DOGS.

these men to escape from the death that would probably have been their fate had they been caught is not denied. The German authorities claimed that she enabled 130 men to leave Belgium. How far this figure was correct there is no evidence to show.

The German administration, then steadily tightening its hold upon all sides of Belgian life, became suspicious of her. The system of espionage in Belgium had by now been developed to a very fine point. Spies were put upon the track of Miss Cavell. It is said that one spy went to her as a fugitive, begged her to help him, and then betrayed her.

Miss Cavell was arrested on August 5, 1915, and sent to the military prison of St. Gilles, where she was placed in close, solitary confinement. The Germans declare that she made no effort from the first to conceal the fact that she had taken pity on some of the fugitives and had given them assistance. She knew that in doing this she was committing a military offence. Those who met her immediately before her arrest say that she anticipated a short term of imprisonment. She evidently

did not dream—at that time no one dreamed—that the German authorities would shoot a woman with premeditation for taking pity on and showing mercy to the helpless.

Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister in Brussels, who represented British interests there during the War, acted promptly when news was brought to him of Miss Cavell's arrest. Mr. Whitlock, who had been American Minister to Belgium for nearly two years, was well known as an author and reformer before he entered the diplomatic service. The grandson of an Abolitionist and the son of a Methodist minister, he started life as a newspaper reporter in Toledo, Ohio, and later on became a lawyer. He attracted wide attention in 1905 by his campaign as a political reformer. He was elected Mayor of Toledo in that year and was subsequently re-elected for three further terms. As a lawyer, as an author, and as Mayor of Toledo, his great characteristics were a profound human sympathy and a passion for justice. The case of Miss Cavell aroused—if acts may speak for a man's thoughts—his most intense sympathy. He at once took the matter up with the German

authorities, and used every possible means to ensure that she should have a fair trial. He wrote to the Civil Governor of Belgium, Baron Von der Lancken, asking that M. de Leval, a representative of the Legation, might see Miss Cavell, and also informing him that he had been requested by telegraph to take charge of Miss Cavell's defence without delay. The German authorities did not reply to this letter. Mr. Whitlock wrote again. The German Civil Governor then wrote back refusing to allow anyone to see Miss Cavell, declaring that she had confessed her guilt and informing Mr. Whitlock that she would be defended by a Mr. Braun. The essential parts of the reply were :

She has herself admitted that she concealed in her house French and English soldiers, as well as Belgians of military age, all desirous of proceeding to the front. She has also admitted having furnished these soldiers with the money necessary for their journey to France, and having facilitated their departure from Belgium by providing them with guides, who enabled them to cross the Dutch frontier secretly.

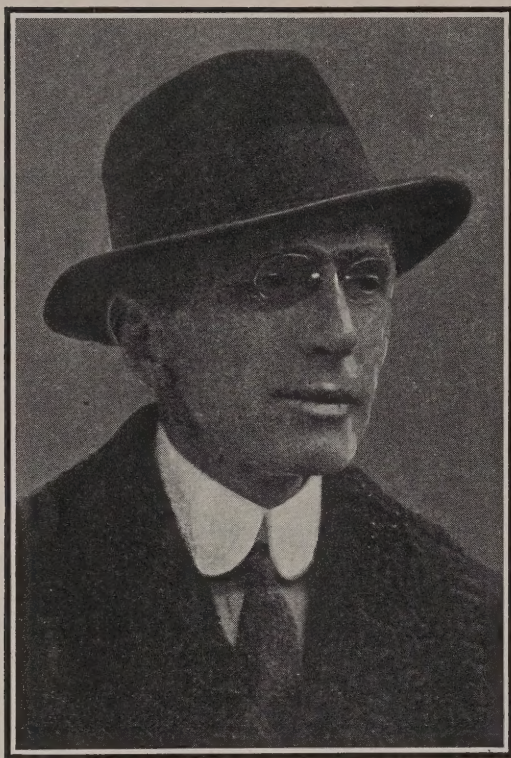
Miss Cavell's defence is in the hands of the advocate Braun, who, I may add, is already in touch with the competent German authorities.

In view of the fact that the Department of the



MISS CAVELL WITH SOME MEMBERS OF THE NURSING STAFF.

Miss Cavell (X) was the head of a nursing school at Brussels. In the above group she is seen in dark uniform, seated on the right of Dr. Depage, the Belgian doctor.



MR. BRAND WHITLOCK.
The American Minister to Belgium.

Governor-General as a matter of principle does not allow accused persons to have any interviews whatever, I much regret my inability to procure for M. de Leval permission to visit Miss Cavell as long as she is in solitary confinement.

Mr. Braun, it turned out, had been prevented by some unforeseen circumstance from undertaking the defence and had handed it over to Mr. Kirschen, a Roumanian, practising in Brussels. M. de Leval, the Councillor of the American Embassy, at once communicated with Mr. Kirschen. M. de Leval stated in his subsequent narrative of events :—

I at once put myself in communication with Mr. Kirschen, who told me that Miss Cavell was prosecuted for having helped soldiers to cross the frontier. I asked him whether he had seen Miss Cavell and whether she had made any statement to him, and to my surprise found that the lawyers defending prisoners before the German Military Court were not allowed to see their clients before the trial, and were not shown any document of the prosecution. This, Mr. Kirschen said, was in accordance with the German military rules. He added that the hearing of the trial of such cases was carried out very carefully, and that in his opinion, although it was not possible to see the client before the trial, in fact the trial itself developed so carefully and so slowly, that it was generally possible to have a fair knowledge of all the facts and to present a good defence for the prisoner. This would especially be the case for Miss Cavell, because the trial would be rather long, as she was prosecuted with thirty-four other prisoners.

I informed Mr. Kirschen of my intention to be present at the trial so as to watch the case. He immediately dissuaded me from taking such attitude, which he said

would cause a great prejudice to the prisoner, because the German judges would resent it and felt it almost as an affront if I was appearing to exercise a kind of supervision on the trial. He thought that if the Germans would admit my presence, which was very doubtful, it would in any case cause prejudice to Miss Cavell.

Mr. Kirschen assured me over and over again that the Military Court of Brussels was always perfectly fair, and that there was not the slightest danger of any miscarriage of justice. He promised that he would keep me posted on all the developments which the case would take and would report to me the exact charges that were brought against Miss Cavell and the facts concerning her that would be disclosed at the trial, so as to allow me to judge by myself about the merits of the case. He insisted that, of course, he would do all that was humanly possible to defend Miss Cavell to the best of his ability.

The trial opened on Thursday, October 7. Miss Cavell was one of thirty-five prisoners brought before the Court at the same time. The German authorities believed that they had discovered a widespread conspiracy for espionage and for the escape of fugitives. Among the prisoners were several women: the Princess Maria de Croy, the Comtesse de Belleville, Mlle. Louise Thulier, a teacher in Lille, and Mme. Ada Bodart, of Brussels. Among the men were M. Philip Baucq, an architect of Brussels; M. Louis Severin, a chemist of Brussels; M. Herman Capian, an engineer of Wasmès; M. Albert Libier, of Wasmès, and another chemist, M. Georges Derbeau.



THE MARQUIS DE VILLALOBAR.
Spanish Minister at Brussels.

It is interesting to contrast at this stage, the difference between the British and German methods in the trial of persons charged with military offences in war time. In England a woman, of whatever nationality, is tried, not by court martial, but by a civil court. She is brought before a tribunal which holds a preliminary enquiry, taking a summary of the evidence. She is always assisted by a lawyer, a complete record of the evidence, oral and documentary, is given to her through her lawyer, and she is allowed an interval to prepare for defence. At the trial, the lawyers for the defence have the same opportunities as are given to the accused in an ordinary case in peace time. In the last case that occurred in the United Kingdom, before the Cavell case in Brussels, a woman of German birth was charged with espionage. She had been acting in association with a male spy, and was detected travelling to various points in order to collect information about our naval defences. She was tried before three civil judges of the High Court and a jury, and was convicted, in the words of Sir John Simon, then Home Secretary, "of deliberate and



GENERAL BARON VON BISSING.

The German Governor of the occupied portion of Belgium.

persistent spying for the purpose of providing the enemy with important information." She was found guilty. For this offence, infinitely more serious from every point of view than the charge brought against Miss Cavell, she was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. She had the right of appealing against this sentence.

Contrast this method, with its ample precautions to ensure justice for the accused, with the methods employed in the trial of Miss Cavell. She was kept in solitary confinement for over nine weeks, without an opportunity of consulting even her legal advisers. During this time she was subjected to cross-examination. Statements said to have been made by her, admitting her guilt, were transmitted by the German authorities to the lawyers who subsequently would have to undertake her defence. Her trial before a court martial was held in a language she did not understand—German; the questions in her cross-examination being put in German and then translated into French. It was obviously impossible to plan any adequate scheme of defence with the lawyer, whom she saw for the first time when the trial began, a lawyer who had no opportunity of studying the documents of the prosecution. After her sentence, the fact of the conviction was kept as secret as possible



**BARON VON DER LANKEN AND
DR. VON SANDT.**

The Baron (on left) was the head of the political department of the Governor-General of Belgium, through whose action a reprieve for Miss Cavell was refused. Dr. von Sandt was the German Chief Civil Administrator of Belgium.



COLONEL BARON VON STRACHNITZ.
Ex-Commandant of Brussels.

and her accusers were evidently so fearful that even at the eleventh hour a plea of mercy might prevail, that they had her shot within nine hours. Had there been any outward tumult, or had the military trial taken place on the field of war, this haste might have been excused. But there was no tumult or disturbance, and the trial, so far from taking place in a military camp, occurred in a city where the Germans had for months established and maintained a civil administration.

The fullest account of the trial itself was given in the report of M. de Leval to Mr. Whitlock :

Miss Cavell was prosecuted for having helped English and French soldiers, as well as Belgian young men, to cross the frontier and to go over to England. She had admitted by signing a statement before the day of the trial, and by public acknowledgment in Court, in the

presence of all the other prisoners and the lawyers, that she was guilty of the charges brought against her, and she had acknowledged not only that she had helped these soldiers to cross the frontier, but also that some of them had thanked her in writing when arriving in England. This last admission made her case so much the more serious, because if it only had been proved against her that she had helped the soldiers to traverse the Dutch frontier, and no proof was produced that these soldiers had reached a country at war with Germany, she could only have been sentenced for an attempt to commit the "crime" and not for the "crime" being duly accomplished. As the case stood, the sentence fixed by the German military law was a sentence of death.

Paragraph 58 of the German Military Code says,

"Will be sentenced to death for treason any person who, with the intention of helping the hostile Power, or of causing harm to the German or allied troops, is guilty of one of the crimes of paragraph 90 of the German Penal Code."

The case referred to in above said paragraph 90 consists in—

"... conducting soldiers to the enemy ... (viz., 'dem Feinde Mannschaften zuführt')."

The penalties above set forth apply, according to paragraph 160 of the German Code, in case of war, to foreigners as well as to Germans.

In her oral statement before the Court Miss Cavell disclosed almost all the facts of the whole prosecution. She was questioned in German, an interpreter translating all the questions in French, with which language Miss Cavell was well acquainted. She spoke without trembling and showed a clear mind. Often she added some greater precision to her previous depositions.

When she was asked why she helped these soldiers to go to England, she replied that she thought that if she had not done so they would have been shot by the Germans, and that therefore she thought she only did her duty to her country in saving their lives.

The Military Public Prosecutor said that argument might be good for English soldiers, but did not apply to Belgian young men whom she induced to cross the frontier, and who would have been perfectly free to remain in the country without danger to their lives.

Mr. Kirschen made a very good plea for Miss Cavell, using all arguments that could be brought in her favour before the Court.

The Military Public Prosecutor, however, asked the Court to pass a death sentence on Miss Cavell and eight other prisoners among the thirty-five. The Court did not seem to agree, and the judgment was postponed.

M. Kirschen now apparently thought that he had done all that was required of him. The trial lasted two days, ending on Friday, October 8. On Saturday M. de Leval, receiving no report from M. Kirschen, tried to find him, but failed. Then on Sunday he sent him a note, asking him to send his report to the Legation, or to call there on Monday morning at 8.30. M. Kirschen did not come even then, so M. de Leval called at his house, but was informed that he would not be there until the end of the afternoon. The American Councillor at once went to another lawyer interested in the case of a fellow prisoner, and was then told—the information having apparently been given out in order to prevent outside attempts to interfere with the execution of the sentence—that judgment would be passed only the next

morning; that is Tuesday morning. Mr. Kirschen subsequently declared that he had not promised to communicate with the American Legation after the trial. His action, or rather his lack of action, drew very severe censure on him.

The political department of the Governor-General of Belgium had given the American Legation positive assurance that it would be fully informed of developments in the case. At 6.30 p.m. on Monday night Mr. Conrad, of the Political Department, had positively informed the Legation in answer to its other inquiries that sentence had not been pronounced, and he again renewed his previous assurances that he would not fail to inform the American officials as soon as there was any news. At this time the sentence of death had already been pronounced.

On Monday evening at eight o'clock M. de Leval was privately and reliably informed that the judgment of the court-martial had been passed at five o'clock that afternoon, that Miss Cavell had been sentenced to death, and that she would be shot at two o'clock the next morning. There were only six hours left in which to attempt to save her. He hurried to his chief with the news. Mr. Brand Whitlock was ill, unable to leave the house. He wrote, however, a moving letter to Baron von der Lancken, the Civil Governor, with his own hand.

My dear Baron,—I am too ill to present my request to you in person, but I appeal to the generosity of your heart to support it and save this unfortunate woman from death. Have pity on her!

Yours sincerely,

Brand Whitlock.

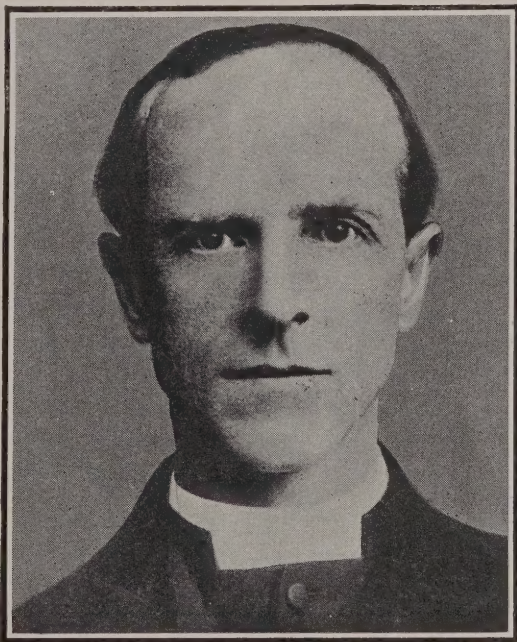
Armed with this, and with a plea for clemency (*requête en grace*) addressed to the Governor-General, Mr. Hugh Gibson, the First Secretary of the Legation, and M. de Leval, hurried to the Spanish Minister, to beg his cooperation. They found him at dinner. He at once joined them, and they went together to the house of the Civil Governor to appeal for clemency. What followed is best told in the official report of Mr. Gibson:

Baron von der Lancken and all the members of his staff were absent for the evening. We sent a messenger to ask that he return at once to see us in regard to a matter of utmost urgency. A little after 10 o'clock he arrived, followed shortly after by Count Harrach and Herr von Falkenhausen, members of his staff. The circumstances of the case were explained to him and your note presented, and he read it aloud in our presence. He expressed disbelief in the report that sentence had actually been passed, and manifested some surprise

that we should give credence to any report not emanating from official sources. He was quite insistent on knowing the exact source of our information, but this I did not feel at liberty to communicate to him. Baron von der Lancken stated that it was quite improbable that sentence had been pronounced, that even if so, it would not be executed within so short a time, and that in any event it would be quite impossible to take any action before morning. It was, of course, pointed out to him that if the facts were as we believed them to be, action would be useless unless taken at once. We urged him to ascertain the facts immediately, and this, after some hesitancy, he agreed to do. He telephoned to the presiding judge of the court-martial and returned in a short time to say that the facts were as we had represented them, and that it was intended to carry out the sentence before morning. We then presented, as earnestly as possible, your plea for delay. So far as I am able to judge, we neglected to present no phase of the matter which might have had any effect, emphasising the horror of executing a woman, no matter what her offence, pointing out that the death sentence had heretofore been imposed only for actual cases of espionage, and that Miss Cavell was not even accused by the German authorities of anything so serious. I further called attention to the failure to comply with Mr. Conrad's promise to inform the Legation of the sentence. I urged that inasmuch as the offences charged against Miss Cavell were long since accomplished, and that as she had been for some weeks in prison, a delay in carrying out the sentence could entail no danger to the German cause. I even went so far as to point out the fearful effect of a summary execution of this sort upon public opinion, both here and abroad, and, although I had no authority for doing so, called attention to the possibility that it might bring about reprisals.

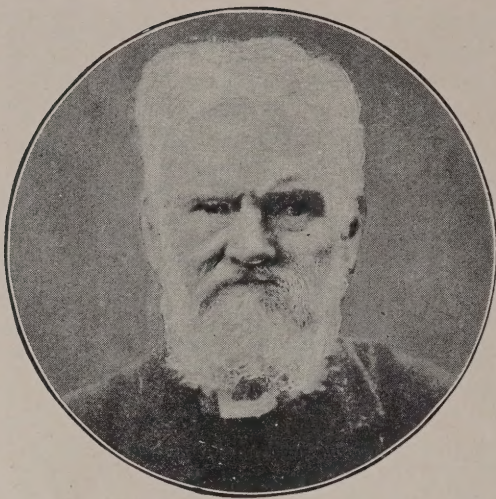
The Spanish Minister forcibly supported all our representations and made an earnest plea for clemency.

Baron von der Lancken stated that the Military Governor was the supreme authority ("Gerichtsherr")



REV. H. STERLING GAHAN.

The British Chaplain at Brussels, who visited Miss Cavell at the prison of St. Gilles on October 11, 1915, the day before she was executed by the Germans.



MR. AND MRS. CAVELL.

The mother and father of the late Miss Cavell.

in matters of this sort; that appeal from his decision could be carried only to the Emperor, the Governor-General having no authority to intervene in such cases. He added that under the provisions of German martial law the Military Governor had discretionary power to accept or to refuse acceptance of an appeal for clemency. After some discussion he agreed to call the Military Governor on to the telephone and learn whether he had already ratified the sentence, and whether there was any chance for clemency. He returned in about half an hour, and stated that he had been to confer personally with the Military Governor, who said that he had acted in the case of Miss Cavell only after mature deliberation; that the circumstances in her case were of such a character that he considered the infliction of the death penalty imperative; and that in view of the circumstances of this case he must decline to accept your plea for clemency or any representation in regard to the matter.

Baron von der Lancken then asked me to take back the note which I had presented to him. To this I demurred, pointing out that it was not a "requête en grâce," but merely a note to him transmitting a communication to the Governor, which was itself to be considered as the "requête en grâce." I pointed out that this was expressly stated in your note to him, and tried to prevail upon him to keep it; he was very insistent, however, and I finally reached the conclusion that inasmuch as he had read it aloud to us, and we knew that he was aware of its contents, there was nothing to be gained by refusing to accept the note, and accordingly took it back.

Even after Baron von der Lancken's very positive and definite statement that there was no hope, and that under the circumstances "even the Emperor himself could not intervene," we continued to appeal to every sentiment to secure delay, and the Spanish Minister even led Baron von der Lancken aside in order to say very forcibly a number of things which he would have felt hesitancy in saying in the presence of the younger officers and of Mr. de Leval, a Belgian subject.

His Excellency talked very earnestly with Baron von der Lancken for about a quarter of an hour. During this time Mr. de Leval and I presented to the younger officers every argument we could think of. I reminded them of our untiring efforts on behalf of German subjects at the outbreak of war and during the siege of Antwerp. I pointed out that, while our services had been rendered gladly and without any thought of future favours, they should certainly entitle you to some consideration for the only request of this sort you had made since the

beginning of the war. Unfortunately, our efforts were unavailing. We persevered until it was only too clear that there was no hope of securing any consideration for the case.

"Our failure has been felt by us as a very severe blow," Mr. Whitlock wrote later. None could have done more than he and his assistants did.

How was Miss Cavell standing the strain? Fortunately there is full evidence of her bearing at this time. M. de Leval, who showed throughout the greatest energy and devotion in working for Miss Cavell, had made application on the Sunday evening that he and the British chaplain, the Rev. H. Sterling Gahan, might be permitted to see Miss Cavell in gaol. This was at first refused, but on Monday evening, after the sentence of death had been passed, Mr. Gahan was allowed to visit her. Mr. Gahan subsequently wrote a simple and moving statement of what took place:

To my astonishment and relief I found my friend perfectly calm and resigned. But this could not lessen the tenderness and intensity of feeling on either part during that last interview of almost an hour.

Her first words to me were upon a matter concerning herself personally, but the solemn asseveration which accompanied them was made expressly in the light of God and eternity. She then added that she wished all her friends to know that she willingly gave her life for her country, and said: "I have no fear nor shrinking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me." She further said: "I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end." "Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty." "This time of rest has been a great mercy." "They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

We partook of the Holy Communion together, and she received the Gospel message of consolation with all her

heart. At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words "Abide with me," and she joined softly in the end.

We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. She gave me parting messages for relations and friends. She spoke of her soul's needs at the moment and she received the assurance of God's Word as only the Christian can do.

Then I said "Good-bye," and she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."

The German military chaplain was with her at the end and afterwards gave her Christian burial.

He told me: "She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith and that she was glad to die for her country." "She died like a heroine."

Few details were allowed to be known of the final scene. It was reported at the time that Miss Cavell fainted on the way to her death and was shot by the officer in command of the party while lying unconscious, but it seems to be certain that the execution was carried out in the usual military manner. The place of burial was kept secret, and the people of Brussels tried in vain to learn it, that they might, in some way or other, show their appreciation of Miss Cavell's great courage. The opportunity was denied them.

The story of the execution aroused the world—except Germany! Various Germans in official positions expressed the greatest surprise that people should make so much to-do about the death of one woman. This was the view of Baron von Bissing, the Military Governor of Brussels. Shortly after the execution of Miss Cavell Mr. Karl Kitchin, a staff correspondent of the *New York World*, visited Brussels to learn the German defence in this case. He was received with open arms and given every facility. He saw all most closely concerned in it, from Baron von Bissing to Mr. Gahan. Baron von Bissing openly expressed his astonishment that an American thought it worth while paying a visit to Brussels over such an affair. "I cannot understand why the world is interested in the case," he said, "when thousands of innocent people have died in the war, why should anyone become hysterical over the death of one guilty woman?" In the course of conversation he clearly revealed that the German authorities had hurried on the execution not merely because Miss Cavell had helped fugitives to escape, but because they wanted to make her an example to awe the Belgians. He said:

A few years in prison is not sufficient punishment for an offence of this kind. For punishment in a case of

this nature is meted out to deter others from committing the same offence. If the Cavell woman had been sent to prison she would have been released in two or three years—at the end of the war. Amnesty is usually granted to all prisoners convicted of offences of this nature, espionage, and so forth, when peace is made.

We have only recently uncovered a big spy system here in Belgium. Important military matters have been communicated to the enemy for some time. I will not go into details, but I will say that this Cavell woman was aware of their activities—had guilty knowledge of much of their work. Such a system of spying assails our very safety and we proceeded to stamp it out.

The Cavell woman was not charged with espionage. The charge of aiding the enemy's soldiers to escape which was made against her was sufficiently serious. Her death was deplorable—but I do not see why it should occasion such hysteria in America.

"I cannot understand why so much has been made of this unfortunate affair in your country," remarked the representative of the official Press Bureau to the visitor. Baror



THE VICARAGE AT SWARDESTON,
NEAR NORWICH,
where Miss Cavell was born.

von der Lancken, the Civil Governor, declared that as the execution was purely a military affair, he did not interfere. It would have been a breach of etiquette if he had done so. Baron von Bissing himself, it was declared, could not have pardoned Miss Cavell after her conviction by a court martial without exceeding his military function. The only appeal was to the Kaiser, who had no cognizance of the affair until after the execution. The man responsible for that execution was Major-General von Haesler, Military Commander of the district. In short it was a trivial affair. One woman more or less—what difference did it make?

But this was not the view that the world took. "Sir Edward Grey is confident that the news of the execution of this noble English-

The last letter from my mother
 was dated 27th Jan. If this reaches
 you will you send her a line to
 say she is well here - she is
 naturally very anxious and I do
 not know whether she gets my letters.
 There are not many opportunities
 of sending -

What do you do these days, are
 you still farming, or is that given
 up? I like to look back on the days
 when we were young and life
 was fresh & beautiful and the
 country so beautiful & sweet.

Many thanks for your kind
 letter my dear Cousin John

Yours affectionately
 Edith
 11 March 1915

FACSIMILE OF LETTER SENT BY MISS CAVELL TO HER COUSIN
 IN ENGLAND, MARCH, 1915.

woman will be received with horror and disgust not only by the Allied States, but throughout the civilized world," wrote our Foreign Minister to the United States Ambassador in London, when the account of the execution was forwarded to him. "Miss Cavell was not even charged with espionage, and the fact that she had nursed numbers of wounded German soldiers might have been regarded as a reason in itself for treating her with leniency. The attitude of the German authorities is, if possible,

rendered worse by the discreditable efforts successfully made by the officials of the German civil administration at Brussels to conceal the fact that sentence had been passed and would be carried out immediately."

The tale of Miss Cavell's death came like a trumpet call to the British nation. It showed once again the real character of the enemy this country was fighting. To the soldiers in Flanders it gave a fresh battle-cry,

and to civilians at home it served to re-emphasize the need of greater effort and greater sacrifice.

The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra wrote to Miss Cavell's mother expressing their sympathy and their horror at the appalling deed. "Men and women throughout the civilized world, while sympathizing with you, are moved with admiration and awe at (your daughter's) faith and courage in death," wrote Lord Stamfordham, for the King and Queen. Queen Alexandra sent this message: "The women of England are bearing the greatest burden of this terrible war, but by all the name of Miss Cavell will be held in the highest honour and respect. We shall always remember that she never once failed England in her hour of need."

A memorial service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral, and long before the hour of commencement the church itself was full, and a great, silent, orderly crowd thronged in St. Paul's Churchyard without. Every class was there, from Queen Alexandra to six hundred nurses, from soldiers in khaki to the representatives of the City Corporation. The beating drums and the band of the 1st Life Guards, rolling and crashing as the "Dead March in Saul" was played at the end, closed an almost overwhelmingly impressive display of national grief. Various memorials were planned and carried out, but perhaps the greatest proof of how the execution had touched the heart of our nation was the quickening of recruiting, the increase in individual service and the evidence on all sides that this example by one woman of duty well done had helped all England to realize its obligations still more fully.

The French people showed how deeply they had been touched. The Minister of Public Instruction gave orders that the teachers of the Paris schools should relate the story of the martyrdom of the heroic victim and comment on it. "The great and sublime figure of Edith Cavell stands forth among the black horrors of this war as a living image of outraged humanity," he declared. The nation found a niche for Miss Cavell in the gallery of great women who have helped France, the women who, from Jean d'Arc to Madame Roland, have given their life for *la patrie*. Municipalities named streets after her, and artists chose her final sacrifice for their theme on canvas and in stone.

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent, returning to America in November, 1915, told his countrymen that when he left the trenches at the front the British soldiers, before a charge, would shout all along the line, "For Miss Cavell"! "Miss Cavell's execution did more for recruiting than all the Zeppelin raids," he said. "I happened to be with the French when the news of her death was received. Its effect on the troops was instant, electric. The woman's sacrifice had a Joan of Arc character that struck home to the French heart. Officers spoke of it as an event that had done more to cement the alliance of France and England to fight to the last man than all the speeches of statesmen and conferences of generals. Miss Cavell's picture, taken from the newspapers, is pinned on cottage walls all over France. Deep as the impression was on the civil population of both England and France, it was slight beside that made on the soldiers."

From Allies and from neutrals alike came messages of sympathy and of indignation. Nowhere, perhaps, was the emotion deeper than in the United States. The American people were aroused in many ways. Their national dignity was offended, because their representatives had been slighted when attempting to save the Englishwoman. But this resentment counted for little as compared with the genuine wrath at an act of barbarous inhumanity to a woman. Even German-Americans, who had stoutly defended the doings of their armies in the early days of the invasion of Belgium, now could do little save make excuses and express regrets.

It would be difficult to extract from the multitude of American newspaper denunciations of the crime isolated passages that would give any adequate idea of the depths and intensity of the feeling. Happily the American view was summed up in a statement by Mr. James M. Beck, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and one of the leaders of the New York Bar. Three brief extracts will show its tenour:

Those who have regarded the Supreme Court of Civilization—meaning thereby the moral sentiment of the world—as a mere rhetorical phrase or an idle illusion should take note how swiftly that court—sitting now as one of criminal assize—has pronounced sentence upon the murderers of Edith Cavell. The swift vengeance of the world's opinion has called to the bar General Baron von Bissing, and in executing him with the lightning of universal execration has for ever degraded him.

The laboured apology of Dr. Zimmermann, and the



swift action of the Kaiser in pardoning those who were condemned with Miss Cavell, indicate that the Prussian officials have heard the beating of the wings of those avenging angels of history who, like the Eumenides of classic mythology, are the avengers of the innocent and the oppressed.

"Greatness," wrote Æschylus, "is no defence from utter destruction when a man insolently spurns the mighty altar of justice."

This is as true to-day as when it was written, more than two thousand years ago. It is but a classic echo of the old Hebraic moral axiom that "the Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite."

You, women of America. Will you not honour the memory of this martyr of your sex, who for all time will be mourned as was the noblest Greek maiden, Antigone, who also gave her life that her brother might have the rites of sepulture? Will you not carry out in her name, and for her memory, those sacred ministrations of mercy which were her lifework?

Make her cause—the cause of mercy—your own!



BARBED WIRE ERECTED BY THE GERMANS ALONG THE DUTCH-BELGIAN FRONTIER.

In the wire compound is the body of a man who was killed by the frontier guard whilst trying to escape from Belgium.

Inset: Two of the Guards.

A SURE SHIELD

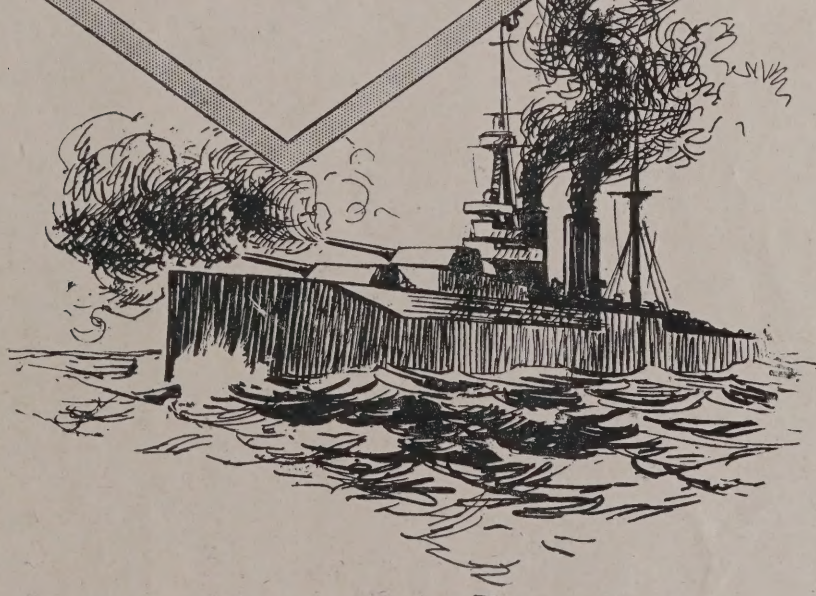
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